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SUNDAY EDITION.

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LONDON, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1923.

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HOW OUR DEBT TO AMERICA WILL BE PAID.

FINAL AGREEMENT REACHED.

OVER £900,000,000 TO BE
FOUND.

RIGHTS BRITAIN HAS SECURED.
THE COST IN INCOME TAX.

Final agreement has now been reached by the American Debt Funding Commission and Sir Auckland Geddes, in regard to the payment of our debt to the United States.

From a summary of the agreement cabled by Reuter from Washington, together with details of the repayment terms known earlier, it would appear that for the first ten years we shall have to pay about £33,000,000 per year.

This sum is the equivalent of between 6d. and 7d. in the £ income tax to be met by the people of this country, and is based on 3 per cent interest.

THE POSITION AT A GLANCE.

It must be understood clearly that all the figures can only be approximate, for much depends upon the variation of the rate of exchange (and incidentally upon the development of our trade).

Subject, however, to this qualification, the following table shows, in a nutshell, how we shall pay America the huge sum of over £900,000,000 which we owe:—

Original debt to U.S.	£900,000,000
Interest at 5 per cent, in arrears	80,000,000
Total debt to repay	980,000,000
One cash payment at once	800,000
Leaving us in debt	£180,000,000
£33,000,000, or 3 per cent., will be paid off every June 15 and half Dec. 15, the first payment reckoning from Dec. 15 last.	
But we may defer payments of half the interest during 1923-8 if we add the deferred interest to the principal.	
TO BE PAID IN 62 YEARS.	
After 10 years we pay 3½ interest.	
The whole debt, principal and interest, must be paid off in 62 years, effected as follows:—	
£1,000,000 paid off this year—this is apart from the interest.	
Increasing annual instalments paid off every year until £35,000,000, the last instalment, is paid in 1984-5.	
The grand total paid will then be £2,000,000,000.	
But we have the option of paying off in 52 years instead of each year.	
We retrieve the present British securities held for the debt in Washington and substitute British bonds.	
We may also buy U.S. Government or War Bonds at the Wall-st. price, and pay our debt back in those. This will help to fix the value of the £1 and dollar.	

OWING TO US.

Russia	£250,000,000
France	£250,000,000
Italy	£250,000,000
Lesser Allies	£250,000,000

Although it had been hoped to secure more generous terms from the United States, a very welcome improvement has been made upon the original charges for repayment as the result of the proposed funding arrangements (writes our Political Correspondent).

Under the old bond of debt, Britain would have had to continue to pay interest at 5 per cent., thus involving a bill of over £46,000,000 a year. Thus, it will be seen that we shall, at any rate, benefit to the extent of about £12,000,000, an important factor when the Government is straining every nerve to effect a saving on the Budget so as to reduce taxation.

CANNOT COUNT CHICKENS YET.

However, inquiries in the best-informed circles reveal the fact that there is no ground for the expectation of very drastic reductions in various directions which have been entertained in some quarters, although it is hoped, as I have indicated before, to take 1d. per pint of beer and to lessen the Income Tax slightly.

But, as an authority on national finance pointed out to me, it has to be

STOP PRESS.
FOR LATEST NEWS
SEE BACK PAGE.

TRAGEDY OF A BLIND MOTHER'S LOVE.

CRAVED FOR SIGHT.
ACCIDENT IN HOSPITAL WARD.

A blind mother's longing to regain her sight in order that she might see her daughter, from whom she had been separated for 30 years, was described to the Stepney Coroner at an inquest on Freda Goldstein (73), of Upper Union-st., Hull.

The woman died in Mile-End Infirmary, London, from diabetes, accelerated by a fractured leg, caused by a fall in the hospital ward.

Mrs. Nettie Miller said that her mother had been ill for two years from diabetes, during which time her sight had failed her.

The Hull doctors had refused to operate upon her owing to her age, but she very much wanted to regain her sight, especially as witness had been in South Africa and had not seen her mother for 30 years.

Her mother, therefore, came to London and saw two specialists, who said that in their opinion a successful operation was quite possible. She was admitted to the London Hospital on Dec. 1, but met with an accident there, and was transferred to Mile-End Infirmary.

Evidence was given that, after an operation for cataract, she was somewhat delirious, and after being bidden "good-night" by the nurse, got out of bed, fell and fractured her leg.

A verdict of accidental death was recorded.

POLICE TRICKED.

SAFE STOLEN UNDER THEIR
NOSES.

A gang of burglars brought off a remarkable coup at the Lambeth Guardians' office, Kennington, London, on Thursday night, breaking in from the rear and carrying off a safe containing £200 while a party of armed police, who had been warned of their intentions, were watching the front of the building.

NEW FEATURES TO-DAY.

FATHER DEGEN ON
LONDON'S UNDERWORLD.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THRILLING NEW SERIAL.

The police had even had the exact window pointed out to them where the attempt would be made, and did not think of watching the whole premises. The robbers must have changed their plans on discovering this. They were well informed, for on any other night there would only have been about £40 in the safe. Failing to open the safe they took it on a small trolley to a waiting motor-car and got clean away without being heard by anybody, a remarkable thing.

Burglars who broke into St. Paul's School, West Kensington, London, in the early hours of Thursday, got away with the whole of the silver sports trophies valued at over £100. Among the stolen trophies is the beautiful challenge cup presented by the Artists' Rifles in memory of the Old Paulines who fought in the Great War. £20 in notes and silver were also taken.

COMMUNIST SENT TO GAOL.

NEGLECTED HIS FAMILY WHILE
EARNING BIG MONEY.

At Sunderland yesterday Joseph Tail, a North of England Communist leader, was committed to prison for three months' hard labour or deserting his wife and four children.

It was stated that the board of guardians had spent over £40 in supporting his family, while Tail had been earning big money as a ship's steward.

ESCAPED MAN CAPTURED.

THRILLING CHASE THROUGH CHATHAM
STREETS.

An exciting chase resulted in the capture at Chatham of Eric Martin, alias Aubrey Martin, who escaped from two warders at Winchester Station on Dec. 4 last.

Martin was in charge of a motor-car when arrested. His capture followed information received in London by Scotland Yard, who at once communicated with the local authorities at Chatham.

The police searched the town and seized Martin just as he was about to make another dash for liberty in his car.

His escape from his escort at Winchester was due to the fact that the handcuffs had become loosened.

TRAINS RUN IN RUHR AGAIN.

FRENCH WITHDRAW
FROM LINES.

Railwaymen Return.

MORATORIUM AGAIN RE-USED.

News from the Ruhr area yesterday indicated a temporary improvement in the situation.

Following the withdrawal of French troops from the stations and lines German railwaymen have resumed work, but the resumption appears to be only partial.

French newspapers, however, infer that the despatch of coal to France will begin again in a few days.

Meanwhile, obstruction of the French schemes to secure reparations continues, and a message from Munich, quoted by Reuter, says that a Belgian and a French officer, members of the Control Commission were refused all information at the headquarters of the Reichswehr, where they had come to carry out an inspection.

The "Matin" states that the two experts of the Ministry of Public Works have left Paris for the Ruhr to make the necessary arrangements for ensuring regular traffic in the Rhineland and the Ruhr.

An Essen telegram states that the French cordon around the Ruhr area seems to be now complete, and even the loophole in the north, through which a few trains had passed, is closed.

WHIPPED POLICEMAN.

The recent order forbidding German policemen to salute French and Belgian officers is causing many unpleasant incidents, says Reuter's special correspondent in Cologne.

At Bochum a policeman was arrested and horsewhipped, and at Weimar a policeman had his face smacked by a French officer for failing to salute them.

A telegram received from Coblenz states that Herr Fuchs, Oberpresident of the Rhine Province, was arrested when about to enter his motor-car after calling on M. Tirard, President of the Rhineland High Commission.

Herr Fuchs was taken away in the direction of Frankfurt in a French motor-car, accompanied by two military motor-cars, says Reuter.

EXPRESSES STOPPED.

Reuter's Agency learns that the German railway authorities on Friday stopped the Paris-Bukharest and the Paris-Munich-Prague expresses on the grounds of shortage of coal.

In retaliation the French decided to suspend all passenger traffic on the Cologne-Basel lines, with the exception of the Holland to Switzerland express.

A step entailed the taking of certain measures by the Rhineland Inter-Ally High Commission, in regard to which Lord Kilmarock, the British representative, abstained from voting.

NO MORATORIUM.

ALLIES REPLY TO NOTE FROM
GERMANY.

A Reuter Paris wire states that the Reparations Commission yesterday resolved to maintain its decision to refuse Germany a moratorium and to insist on the enforcement of the schedule of payments fixed on May 7, 1921.

The Commission also decided to maintain for 1923 the pace of deliveries of goods fixed in July.

The British delegate abstained from voting.

This decision follows a request by the German Government to the Reparations Commission to proceed in conformity with the Treaty, to make a new estimate of the capacity of Germany to pay.

BRIDAL NIGHT IN CELLS.

WEDDING CELEBRATION WHICH LED TO A
CAPTURE.

Tournebise and his best man, M. Tournebise, together with several other wedding guests, made such a noise celebrating his wedding in Paris, that the neighbours called in the police about three o'clock in the morning.

The party were marched off to the police station. The bride refused to be parted from her husband and they spent the bridal night in the cells together.

The morning the sorrowful party were set free, with the exception of the best man, who it was alleged, was wanted by the police in connection with a robbery, says the Central News.

MRS. THOMPSON'S 2000.

Mrs. Edith Jessie Thompson, who was executed at Holloway Prison on Jan. 9, left £2000. The will was made at Holloway after her arrest in connection with the murder of her husband.

Probate is granted to her mother, Mrs. Edith Jessie Graydon, of Shakespear-st., 27, 1923, contains 150 words, and gives everything to her mother.

The witnesses are her solicitor, Mr. F. S. Stern, and Mr. J. K. Richard, prison officer at Holloway.

THE LASSIE BEHIND THE BOILERS.

GIRLS' EXPLOITS.

TWO DRESSED IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

Three girls from Dundee who, it was stated, attempted to reach America on a vessel, two of them being dressed as men, were remanded at Hull yesterday.

They were Betsy Adamson, 20, Elsie Thomson, 20, and Margaret Cook, 22, and they were charged with being stowaways on the steamship Sahale, which had arrived from Dundee and was proceeding to Philadelphia.

P.C. Wiltshire stated that on Friday night he stopped Adamson and Thomson in the street. They were dressed in men's clothing and were in the company of a number of other men going into the city.

Asked where they were going, Adamson said, "We are going to Dundee. We have come from Philadelphia."

He took them to the police station, and subsequently arrested Cook on the ship. She was hiding behind the boilers.

The three girls whose hair was bobbed were in conventional dress when they appeared before the magistrates, Thomson being very attractively dressed.

They made merry afterwards when placed in the prison van, songs like "A Wee Doch and Doris" being heard from behind the closed doors.

A SON'S DILEMMA.

MOTHER WON'T TELL HIM HIS
RIGHT NAME.

The dilemma of a young married man, whose mother won't tell him his real name, was revealed in the following dialogue at Acton, London, when he sought advice from the magistrate:

Applicant: I go by the name of —, but it is not the marriage name of my mother. She refuses to tell me what my name is. My trouble is that my employer requires a birth certificate, and I don't know what name to look for.

Magistrate: Won't your mother tell you what your real name is?—No.

And the man you thought was your father isn't?—No, sir.

There's a second marriage?—Yes.

Mr. Browne (court missionary) said he had known the young man for some time, as he had had to write to the mother for sending nasty postcards to her son's firm because he got married. The mother was a very obstinate woman.

Applicant: An uncle of mine, when I asked him, said he did not know my name, but his wife (my mother's sister) did, and she would not say.

The man was referred to the missionary, who was asked to advise him as to a search at Somerset House.

GAS POISONING SUICIDES.

Verdicts of suicide while of unaccounted mind were returned at two inquests yesterday on persons who died from gas poisoning.

At a Cleethorpes inquest on Mrs. Gertrude Cubley, the husband said he found his wife dead near the gas meter. Her head rested on a cushion and a severed gas pipe lay against her face.

At an inquest on Mrs. Ethel Dealey, of Seagrave-rd., Fulham, the husband said he found his wife lying with her head in a gas oven. She had been depressed following an illness.

HOSTESS TO THREE QUEENS.

Mrs. E. C. Tylden, the Lady of the Manor of Ingoldeshorpe, near Sandringham, entertained three Queens on the occasion of celebrating her 100th birthday.

Queen Mary first called to offer her congratulations, while later in the day Queen Alexandra and Queen Olga of Greece honoured her with a visit.

GREAT FLOODS IN WALES.

LADY PATIENT'S MOTOR-CAR
SUBMERGED.

The floods which have rushed down the valleys of the Severn, Wye, Dovey and Vyrnwy, have transformed mid-Wales into a land of roaring torrents and submerged fields.

The country is under water for miles. Yesterday a motor car conveying a lady patient from Dolgelly to Aberystwyth for an urgent operation ran into flood water near the river Dovey.

The car was practically submerged and the patient was in water up to her waist. It was impossible to extricate the car until assistance was obtained and, with the aid of horses, the car and its occupants were dragged to safety. Another car was engaged and the journey completed.

The Severn has overflowed its banks for a distance of 40 miles—from Caersws to Shrewsbury. The main roads to the principal towns are all impassable, and many motorists who have tried to get through have been stranded.

Scores of houses have their ground floors under water, and residents have been compelled to seek refuge in the bedrooms, some taking their pigs and fowls with them.

Many sheep and cattle have been lost by the floods.

SIX DROWNED IN RIVER.

DREDGER TURNS TURTLE:
SNAPPED TOW ROPE.

Six lives were lost in the Humber on Friday through a dredger, which was being towed, turning turtle in a high wind.

There were eight men on board and all were plunged into the river. The six who lost their lives are:—E. Wood, who was in charge; H. Waite, acting mate; W. Burton, driver; E. R. Tyler, H. Sumpton, and J. Bailey, deck hands.

The two men who were saved were Albert Edward Key, fireman, and Frederick Vincent, a deck hand. They were washed clear of the sinking vessel.

The vessel, which was owned by the North Eastern Railway Company, was being taken by the tug Active to the cattle depot near the Victoria dock for under-water repairs, and when near the Highland pier the tow rope snapped.

There was a heavy sea running at the time and a strong wind blowing, and the sudden breaking of the rope caused the dredger to capsize. She sank like a stone in 30 ft. of water.

One of the survivors said that the six drowned men were below when the vessel overturned, and had no chance of escape.

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THE REVEREND FATHER DEGEN.

Unmasking the Underworld

The Rev. Father Degen, of Coalville, the well-known preacher and authority on social questions, has made a special investigation for "The People" of London's underworld.

In his series of articles, of which the following is the first, Father Degen will set down his impressions of what he has seen, what he heard and what in his opinion would remedy and purify these "short cuts to Hell."



It is three o'clock in the morning. Most of London that matters lies abed.

There is dead silence and profound darkness all around.

Yet, tucked away in the West-End, you will find a plain-looking, nondescript building, inconspicuously illuminated. No name or printed sign gives the faintest clue as to its character. A tall, uniformed man guards the door.

This mystery-house turns night into day. Officially it is a night club, but in reality it is a notorious and unsavoury dancing-hell.

It is a subterranean sink of iniquity—a short cut to Hell—frequented by Mayfair harpies, by women separated from their husbands, by the mistresses of "big guns" in the commercial and financial worlds, and by bleary-eyed, middle-aged roués—several of them foreigners—with the mark of the sensual beast clearly stamped upon them.

In striking contrast to the sombre-looking men, there is a brilliant throng of fresh-complexioned 17-year-old girls with glorious heads of bobbed hair, fashionably, that is to say, scantily attired.

A few of them go just on an odd occasion, for the sake of the dance, and in order to gratify their sense of adventure in an atmosphere which reeks with hints of vice and tragedy.

These are comparatively innocent as yet. But most of them are writing their first black and ugly chapter in the book of life. Although still retaining the charm, ingenuousness and simplicity of the schoolgirl, they are quickly settling down to a career of professional vice. They allow themselves to be courted, flattered, pampered, and corrupted by men with big purses and brutal appetites.

Tense emotionalism, keyed up to the highest pitch, is running riot. Impatience, amusement, uneasiness, petulance, disappointment, curiosity and triumph flit across their angel faces with lightning rapidity. Now and then one can detect tears in a girl's voice. They are not by any means hardened in sin. It is a case of vice with a sob in the throat.

It makes one's heart bleed to realize that this systematic slaughter of innocence is going on, unchecked, in the capital of the most civilized country in the world.

A firm, guiding hand in a velvet glove is all that is needed to pull the victims out of the moral mire in which they are wallowing. As sure as night follows day, the moment will come when this life of so-called pleasure will overwhelm them with a crushing sense of loathing and littleness. The glamour and the romance will fade away, and the world will wear a mask of mocking Satanic cruelty.

A sensational and violent exit—perhaps a gas oven suicide—will ring down the curtain on life's drama in most of these harrowing cases of angels degraded into she-devils.

OLD SOLDIERS.

INGENUOUS ATTEMPTS TO DECEIVE DOCTORS.

Sentenced at Birmingham Police Court to a month's hard labour for attempting to defraud the Ministry of Pensions, George Thomas Lines, of Newbold-on-Avon, near Rugby, a South African war pensioner, was stated to have introduced the blood of a bird, probably a fowl, in a specimen he forwarded to the Ministry's Medical Board.

It was stated that the trick, if it had not been discovered, would have increased the man's disablement from 20 to 100 per cent., and his pension from 12s. to £2 a week for six months following examination.

A similar attempt at deception was revealed at Glasgow Police Court when Patrick Ferns was sentenced to 60 days imprisonment.

This ex-soldier was alleged to have inserted sulphuric acid in his arm in order to obtain a continuance of his special treatment allowance for a gunshot wound.

Were Christ to visit London to-day, I believe he would make a tour of its vicious haunts and rescue these girls before it is too late.

Far be it from me to suggest that all night clubs cater for the depraved tastes of dissolute rakes. From discussions which I have had with police officials, impresarios, authors, and journalists, I am convinced that some of these clubs are the rendezvous of respectable people, who keep themselves well in hand. Nevertheless, short of outrageous, brazen and flagrant indecency, you can do as you like in many of them.

Borderline tricks and honi soit qui mal-y-pense familiarities are openly indulged in, but are glossed over as horse-play, or as Bohemian breaches of convention. The manager and attendants being the paid servants of the club, it is to their advantage to turn a blind eye, keep their tongues still, and not to make a fuss.

The most disgusting sight provided by the night club is that of an elderly hiccupping man hugging a 17-year-old girl in a tight, passionate embrace under cover of the jazz.

Jazzing by young people of about the same age is usually free from these abuses. They dance out of sheer jollity

club, where there are no M.C.s, it is one of the Devil's most appetising dishes.

There may be two hundred couples dancing, but each pair can adopt or introduce whatever movements happen to take their passing fancy, provided the steps coincide rhythmically with the staccato, syncopated music. It is this gas-you-please element that differentiates jazzing from ordinary dancing. Technically the jazz is not a dance, because a real dance is standardised.

The jazz finds an echo in the primitive passions of human nature. That is why it has obtained such a firm footing. Under its infatuating spell people become exhilarated to the point of intoxication, sometimes for all the world as if they had been drinking freely. Conventions, and even civilisation, are apt to be forgotten, reason is in abeyance, and instinct comes into full play. The inter-stepping of partners often becomes hectic, violent, grotesque, and tarred with animal brutality. Close-hugging is another objectionable feature.

The most disgusting sight provided by the night club is that of an elderly hiccupping man hugging a 17-year-old girl in a tight, passionate embrace under cover of the jazz.

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What of the young people who attend night clubs? The benevolent toleration by "respectable" people of moral slackness in convivial and festive surroundings is more infectious and corrupting to the innocent than downright deeds of shame. During the wild-oats-sowing period of life, nothing appeals more alluringly to young people, impatient of parental restraints, than the spirit of abandon.

To say nothing of drink and dope, there is the language of many of the night clubs, which is a curious mixture of mellifluous complimentary phrases, unbecoming adjectives, salacious innuendoes, French and Spanish exclamations, and occasionally words that come straight from the filthiest sewers of slumdom.

Most perilous of all is the character of the dancing. Jazz, of course, is all the rage. It is a foreign importation not unlike the tom-tom of the West African savage.

I am not going to deny that it can be performed decorously, but there is no gainsaying the fact that there is no dance more susceptible of abuse. It is not without peril in an ordinary public dancing hall or hotel ballroom, but in a night

vivre, and without any arrière-pensée. Unless he has allowed a strong drink to melt him into a maudlin fool, it would be quite the exception to find a young man lacking in gentlemanly conduct towards his girl partner.

The ethereal way in which women dress, or rather undress, especially in the right clubs, is scandalous. The neck and shoulders are open, the arms and back are bare. Their gowns are short, diaphanous, and loosely fitting.

Modern feminine attire has been described as a triumph of artistic lightness, but that does not absolve it from moral responsibility. Flimsy, airy garments would be more tolerable, from the standpoint of modesty, were people to go in for Roger de Coverly and other old-fashioned dances. But the strenuousness and licence of modern dancing, and the proximity of partners, demand, in the interests of decorum and propriety, more abundant clothing of good wearing qualities, especially from the waist to the neck.

Readers will already have gathered that I am not among those narrow-minded bigots, who condemn all modern dancing as sinful. There are girls on the London stage to-day, whose dances are perhaps a trifle daring and sensational. Yet they are good girls, whose purity is above suspicion, because in some instances they gladly allow themselves to be chaperoned by their mothers.

This I can vouch for as an absolute fact. Their showy, artistic dancing appeals to nothing more vicious than to their inborn vanity. It thrills them with delight to don the bejewelled and beaded garb of Oriental princesses and have the coloured stage lights beating upon them. She saved her soul by going on the stage.

Thus adorned, you may see them at the theatre on Saturday evening, earning their bread and butter. If you get up early on Sunday morning you could see them again at the altar rails of the Corpus Christi Church, Maiden-lane, or at one of the other London churches.

I knew a poor but talented girl of 16, who had to make her choice between the stage, the bottom of the river, and being an emissary of Hell upon the streets.

Nothing else was open to her, at a time when thousands of girls were out of work. I do not wish by this statement to advise parents to encourage their daughters to think of the stage as a profession. Not only is it overcrowded, but the perils to virtue are many and grave, as the recent exposure of white slave traps on the stage proves.

Dancing promotes good health. A woman novelist explained to me that the reason why the sirens of the night clubs look so fit, is because they dance away the effects of cocktails, champagne and whiskies and sodas.

I expected that their faces would be disfigured, blotched and coarse. The contrary is the case. The eyes of these gay triflers sparkle with a mischievous sweetness, and altogether they are the last word in physical beauty. But, of course, this at most lasts only a few years.

Dainty Daphne's exquisitely-moulded figure will ere long be a living putrefaction, despised and shunned by none more than by the fast-living set of rich idle men into whose remorseless clutches she has fallen.

Should night clubs be stamped out of existence by the authorities? Certainly, unless any one of these institutions can justify its existence, by proving that it is cleanly-conducted, and that it encourages a good style of modern ballroom dancing. Too often that euphonious title, "club," is merely camouflage to conceal what in reality is a centre for providing drink, dope and demoralisation.

The policy of ruthless suppression must, however, be carefully planned. It should have a positive side as well as a negative, otherwise instead of removing evils you intensify them by driving them still further underground.

You must substitute a counter-attraction. The question, therefore, resolves itself into whether there is any possible successor to the night club.

In my opinion the cabaret, which is a theatre, ballroom, and a restaurant all rolled into one, could easily take its place, provided that the L.C.C. would look upon it with more favour and give it half a chance to compete.

The cabaret atmosphere, as exhibited at the Queen's Hall roof, for instance, is one of hilarity without coarseness, and a man could send his wife there with perfect safety. Of course, I fully realise that at times it could creep into the cabaret, especially if the line of demarcation between the troupe of girl dancers and the members of the audience were not rigidly observed. But the cabaret being public, is open to a degree of control and supervision utterly impossible in a private night club.

Joseph Degen.

Next week: The Skeleton in the Cupboard.

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ANGELS IN PLUS FOURS.

WHEN WOMEN GO SHOPPING IN GLIDERS.

"I can foresee the day," he said, "when each of us will be moving to and fro through the air from place to place by means of small gliders, exactly as people use bicycles to-day," said the Duke of Sutherland, Under-Secretary to the Air Ministry, at the Authors' Club in London.

"Housewives will do their shopping and week-ending by glider, and we shall arrive at last at the era of real flying—angels, clad in 'plus fours' for propriety's sake."

The secret of success in civil aviation, he added, was to give the operating company a chance of becoming commercially successful at the start by a sufficient Government subsidy.

We must turn our energies towards solving the problems of making machines for passenger service more comfortable, silent, reliable, and safe; obtaining cheaper running costs by getting cheaper petrol or using crude oil as substitute; and to the extension of mail services with quick delivery of important letters and newspapers.

The Duke stated that the possibility of going to Australia and India would be raised when the Colonial Premiers came to England.

DASHED INTO SHEEP.

MOTOR LORRY STOPPED BY CARCASSES.

A motor-wagon's dash into a flock of sheep, resulting in the death of 15 animals, was described at the Perth Sheriff Court when Robert McArthur, of Dalmeny-st., Outlands, Glasgow, was fined £5 for reckless driving.

It was stated that McArthur was driving a motor-wagon along the Perth-Glasgow road near Aberthaven when he drove into a flock of sheep, killed ten, and so seriously injured five others that they had to be destroyed.

James Cairns, farmer, Bellie, Auchtermuchty, stated that McArthur ignored his warning and drove into the sheep at a speed of 18 miles, until the carcasses of the animals blocked his vehicle. The animals were horribly mutilated.

A WANDERING ZULU.

Stated to be the son of a dead Zulu who claimed to be King Cetewayo's son, Peter Leslie Lobengula, aged 16, was charged at Salford with wandering without visible means.

It was said that he had been befriended by a man at Pendleton, who could not do much good with him because of his dirty habits. He was discharged.

THE STOCK POT OF KITCHEN LORE

13, BROAD STREET READING.
[REDACTED]

AROUND THE TOWN WITH THE YOUNG MAN.

A PEEP AT PLEASURE AND ROMANCE IN SHEFFIELD.

YOUTH and pleasure go hand in hand. Sheffield's young man was off the leash while father was attending to Germany, and he has never quite got over the fact.

He tasted freedom then, and took it as his birthright. Father has not been able to do much with him since.

That, and the big change in living conditions generally, have created a new type, in remarkable contrast to the old, accepted standards of youth. He handles life in a way entirely his own. There's something of the purely pleasure-loving about him. He has caught a touch of irresponsibility from the war years. And pleasure's cup yields the readiest draught for the irresponsible young man.

You never know where to find him. But you seldom find him at home. In too many cases that place has lost for him most of its charms. It is not hectic enough. He must travel abroad, responding to the new spirit that came with the peace.

There is more of the adventurer, the rover, where before he was studious and earnest. He "takes the cash in hand and waives the rest." He is impatient of time. He will not wait.

So he goes out into the cool night, to seek some sort of life and romance.

Let us follow him.

Sheffield, the rambling city of the hills, is veiled about with mysticism. You see little, but know it must be there. There is a chattering crowd from High-street to the Town Hall. Bright-eyed, crimson-checked lasses, smartly attired, vivacious, and full of laughter, stand for a moment or two and flirt with Sheffield's Young Man. They wander here and there, so that a lively mass of youth is continually rolling to and fro along Sheffield's main highway. Many a youth and maiden has brushed the flame of Romance in this warm-breathed, clamorous throng. The Young Man will tell you.

The ever-changing panorama beneath the city's twinkling lights has passed quickly before his eyes, and he is away to other fields.

Entering an unpretentious doorway with no particular illumination to invite the stranger (typical of Sheffield's haunts), he treads upstairs to a long, brilliantly-lighted room, half theatre, half refreshment room. There is a stage. The curtain has not yet risen. The eager Young Man is gathering there, sipping his Advocate or his humble bitter, according to the moment's taste (he doesn't mind mixing them), at a small table.

BRIGHT EYES AND FLUSHED FACES

He is out of Sheffield and in Paris. Lasses have come for an hour's rollick, they, too, sipping their drinks and puffing their cigarettes.

The atmosphere warms, and hearts beat faster, faces flush and hands are tremble. There is electric life in the room, charmed there by a crowd of tanned-up soldiers and the glow of red wine and golden liquor. Music filters from a miniature orchestra—lilting music that sets feet tapping and eyes sparkling. It waxes stronger, until, con furioso, it reaches a climax that marks the rising of the curtain.

BARONET'S BRIDE OF EIGHTEEN.

ART EXHIBITION ROMANCE: ENGAGED IN A WEEK.

Sir Timothy Eden, Bart., who will be 30 years old in May, married at St. George's, Hanover-square, Miss Edith Prendergast, who is only 18 years old.

On account of the health of her father, Miss Prendergast's parents are living at an Austrian resort, and it was necessary to obtain in writing their consent to the marriage of their daughter.

When Sir Timothy Eden applied some time ago for a licence at the Faculty Office, Doctors' Commons, he was informed that as his bride-to-be was under age he must get the consent of her parents, and the licence was not issued until this consent arrived from Austria a few days ago.

The marriage had been planned to take place earlier, but the delay in writing to the bride's parents and in waiting for their written consent to reach England had caused a postponement of the wedding.

Sir Timothy Eden had known his wife only a short time. They met not many weeks ago in an art exhibition, and in a week were engaged. Sir Timothy is thus following the example of a former baronet, Sir William Eden, who married after a brief engagement.

METROGAS LAND.

THIS name identifies the area south of the Thames, many miles in extent, supplied by the SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY

The price of gas per Therm is 9d.

and for a complete set service of heater, stove and fittings—1½d. per Therm.

The gas is identical in quality and composition with that supplied before the Great War.

MONIED MAN AND PRETTY SISTER VANISH.

CONTINENTAL PUZZLE.

HUNT BY FIANCE AND FATHER.

(From Our Paris Correspondent.)

The mysterious disappearance of a British-born but naturalised American and his half-sister, a young English girl, is occupying the attention of the European police and international detectives.

They are—

Miss Claire Marie Shepherd, of Westfield, Broadway, Sandown, Isle of Wight, and

Her half-brother, a prosperous business man from New York, Mr. Lionel A. Shepherd.

Since December 15 there has been no news of them, nor have the police or relatives been able to trace them beyond Paris. Their father, who is in the French capital and with whom I had a few words, is anxiously seeking news of them, and he fears they may have fallen victims to foul play.

Mr. Shepherd, who is 36 years of age, has been in the States many years. He is married and has a home in New Jersey. He is manager for the important firm of G. D. Kuper and Bros., Inc., of 1, Broadway, New York City, and he crossed in the Majestic in November, on a business trip to Europe. He stayed



Miss Shepherd.

in the Isle of Wight a few days with his father, and then announced that he had to go on business to the Continent.

His half-sister, Claire, said that as she had never been on the Continent she would like to go to Paris, and her brother offered to escort her.

BACK FOR CHRISTMAS.

The two arrived in Paris on December 13 and went to the Grand, one of the biggest hotels near the Opera. Miss Shepherd wrote two letters to her father saying that she was having a good time and that she proposed to accompany her brother to Dresden and perhaps go on with him to Poland. "We shall be back for Christmas," she added.

The day after their arrival Mr. Shepherd was occupied with his business affairs, but it is learned that they dined in a fashionable restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opera, and then visited a number of Montmartre resorts, dancing together at one establishment.

The next day, Dec. 15, they announced their departure. Their luggage was put in a taxi, and the hotel authorities have the impression that the driver was told to go to the Gare de Lyon. From that day there has been no news of them.

Shepherd, senior, who, with his daughter's fiancé, Mr. Donovan, of Bournemouth, is in Paris, leaving no stone unturned to trace his children, told me that he could imagine no reason for their disappearance, except that they may have been the victims of some crime in Germany or a terrible accident.

LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY.

The missing man had a large amount of money on him in notes and travellers' cheques, but nothing has been heard of the latter, although it takes time for such cheques to be cleared in New York. His father adds that he had a habit of bringing out his "wad" when paying for anything, and letting people near by see his money.

The well-known international private detective, Mr. Maddigan, formerly of Scotland Yard, has been called in. The police of almost every country in Europe have been notified and asked to make inquiries; the passport officials and American Embassies have given their help, but so far nothing has been discovered giving any explanation of this extraordinary disappearance.

Claire Shepherd is a pretty girl of 22, with laughing grey-blue eyes. Slim, and of medium height, she is very fair, and her hair is extremely light in colour. Under her key is a small mole. When she left the Grand Hotel, Paris, she was wearing a three-quarter length brown fur coat.

Mr. Shepherd is a big man, of the type that could hold his own in any trouble. He is nearly 6ft. in height and broad. His fair hair is brushed back and parted on the right-hand side.

NO SHELTER FOR DYING CHILD.

CORONER'S COMMENT ON CALLOUS CONDUCT.

A man's refusal to provide shelter for a dying child was revealed at the inquest at Luton on Marion Millie Day (9), who was run over by a trailer attached to a flour wagon.

Robert Lacey said that after the accident he carried the child to a cottage, and knocked at the door. The occupant of the house, however, mumbled something about it "not being convenient," and the child had to lie down outside. He knew neither the man nor the number of the house.

The jury expressed the opinion that a man who had refused shelter to a dying child was deserving of the severest censure, and the coroner said he could not help commenting on his callous and brutal behaviour.

If he had known who the man was he would have summoned him to the inquest to give some account of his conduct.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

GORGEOUS CLOTHES WORN AT EXECUTION.

The "Trial of Mary Queen of Scots" (Hodge 10s. 6d.), edited by Mr. A. F. Stewart, has been added to the series of "Notable British Trials."

The book contains an account, taken from a contemporary letter, of the Queen's attire at her execution.

The said Queen of Scots being of stature tall, of body capacious, round-shouldered, her face fair and broad, double-breasted and laced eyes, her borrowed hair aburne her attire was this:—

"On her head she had a dressing of Lavine edged with bone lace and pomander chains, and an angus del about her neck, a Crucifix in her hand, a pair of beades at her girdle with a golden cross at the end of them, a vail of lavine fastened to her cawle bowed out with wiar edged rounde about with bone lace, her gowne was of blacke sattin printed with a traine and long sleeves to the ground set with acorne buttons of jet trimmed with pearls, and shorte sleeves of blacke sattin cutt, with a paire of sleeves of purple velvet whole under them.

"Her kirtle whole of figured blacke sattin, her petticoat upperbodice unlaced in the backe of crimson sattin, and her petticoat skittes of crimson cillied her shooes of wiah lather with the rough side outwards, a paire of silke garters coloured greene, her stockings worsted coloured watchet cloaked with silver, and edged in the toppes with silver, and next her legges a paire of Jersey hose white."

AN UNHEARD SUIT.

SOCIETY COUPLE IN BREACH CASE AGREEMENT.

Widely known both as an artist and a keen blowser of the Leicesterhire house, Mrs. Stella Myrora was plaintiff in an action for alleged breach of promise of marriage, which was settled before the Lord Chief Justice in the King's Bench Division.

The suit was against Mr. Charles Travers Aldridge, of Loughborough, Leicestershire. Before a special jury was sworn to hear the case negotiations took place between Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., for the plaintiff, and Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., for the defendant. It was announced eventually that the record would be withdrawn on terms. The Lord Chief Justice assented.

Mrs. Myrora is a beautiful woman, owner of racehorses, and is well known for her paintings of equestrian subjects.

WINDMILL HOME.

HOW JOINER SOLVED HOUSING PROBLEM.

Mr. S. Ingham and his sister are living in an old windmill in the Meanwood Valley, near Leeds.

When Mr. Ingham bought the property about two years ago it was thought almost impossible to make the old mill habitable. The windows and doors were very small; the chimney went up a flue through the centre of the building; the staircase was in a dangerous condition, and the floors were rotten.

Mr. Ingham is a joiner by trade, and the old mill is now a comfortable, picturesque home.

The chimney from the kitchen range has been carried outside the building. The other rooms are heated by gas. The doors and windows have been enlarged, but have been designed to conform with the architectural beauty of the mill. The circumference of the mill on the ground floor is so large that one hardly notices the unusual shape of the rooms.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Shopkeepers in Leeds who display bills for theatres and music-halls outside their premises are now held liable to pay additional rates to the corporation for using their premises as bill-posting stations.

40 Herrings a 1d.—Herrings are realising only 1d. for 40 at Teignmouth.

25 Per Cent. Profit.—A man declared at Bow County Court that it was "the simplest thing in the world to make 25 per cent. profit on the sale of ice-cream."

Two Breadstuffs to Go.—The Breadstuffs Orion and Erin are to be broken up at Queenborough Port, Isle of Sheppey, giving employment to 150 men for a year.

Shin Pulpit.—When in the pulpit and about to begin his sermon the Rev. E. A. Brown, rector of North Luffenham, Stamford, collapsed and died.

Channel Isles and Empire Defence.—Jersey has been asked to contribute annually £25,000, and Guernsey £275,000 towards Imperial defence.

See Sir Walter Scott.—Mrs. Helen Scott, Thornburn Robertson (105), late of Inverness, stated to be a distant relative of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, whom she once saw, has died at Tunbridge Wells.

Number Tunnel Scheme.—The Government are considering a proposal to construct a tunnel under the River Mersey, at a point between Hull and Ferry, on the north side, to the old Roman road on the Lincolnshire side.

A slight earth tremor, the third within six months, has been felt at Abertillery, Mon. Like the others, it is believed to be due to the settlement of old colliery workings.

Savings Certificates.—The sales of National Savings Certificates for the week ended Jan. 30 were 1,115,178, making a grand total of £11,438,679.

Missing V.B. Dead.—Sgt. George Richardson, who won the V.C. in 1918, was an Indian Mutiny veteran, has died at Ontario.

£750,000 Road Scheme.—Road improvements involving an expenditure of £122,242 for the relief of unemployment are proposed by Cornwall County Council.

£200 for Minister.—Rev. J. C. Harris, Congregational Minister at Kingston, who is moving to Bath, has been presented with a cheque for £200.

Burned to Death at 81.—Miss Mary Matheson, Carse House, Beaulieu (81), was warming herself by the hearth when her clothing caught fire. She died four hours later.

Saved Over 50 Lives.—The death has occurred of Mr. John Hampton, the Whitehaven miner, who rescued more than 50 persons from drowning. He held both the Edward Medal and the Royal Humane Society's certificate, and also held an award for gallantry in the Wellington Pit disaster.

We all want Maison Lyons TOFFEE

Don't all these boys and girls look happy? They are looking forward on the day to their share of Maison Lyons Toffee. No wonder they all want the Maison Lyons kind—it is so wonderfully crisp, you feel you simply must have another soon. And it not only tastes good—it is good, like all other nice things that come from the Maison Lyons.

There's a confectioner somewhere near where you live who sells it. Get some as soon as you can, and you'll be as happy as all these little people are.

6d 1/4lb

Sold in all LYONS' TEASHOPS and by "AGENTS" EVERYWHERE

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd. Only Hall, London, W.

Nothing has given such immediate relief as your lozenges

26 SELBORNE ROAD, WALTHAMSTOW, E.17.

Dear Sir, Please let me express my gratitude for the benefit I have received from Regesan Bronchial Lozenges. I contracted bronchitis and cough and have tried many treatments but nothing has given such immediate relief as your lozenges. They are exactly as represented and have done marvels as regards my breathing. I am a train driver and in consequence exposed to all kinds of draughts and colds. I used 10 boxes of your lozenges in my case and I feel like a new man. I also take them when a sudden cold comes on, and I always carry a box of them in my pocket. I am, Sir, Yours truly, (Signed) E. S. HAND.

January 2nd, 1923.

IF you are troubled with a tickling cough, asthma or bronchitis—if your throat is dry and inflamed—your voice husky and breathing difficult—Regesan Bronchial Lozenges will quickly ease you and give a delightful sense of relief and comfort. These pleasant antiseptic lozenges are wonderfully effective in all cases of bronchial irritation. They soothe and disinfect the air-passages, clear the voice, loosen the phlegm and make breathing easy and natural. Regesan Bronchial Lozenges contain no harmful ingredients and can be taken with every confidence by young and old. It's a wise precautionary measure to keep a box handy ALWAYS!

Regesan Bronchial Lozenges

1/- per box; 3 boxes for 2/8 (Postage extra)

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF

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FREE SAMPLE can be obtained at Boots nearest branch on request.

The Largest Firm of Retail Chemists in the World.

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BLANKETS

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.

GREAT REALISATION SALE FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

WE ARE OFFERING OUR WONDERFUL SUPERFINE GENUINE WHITE EXTRA HEAVY FLEECY BLANKETS.

Beautifully SOFT and WARM and EXTRA LARGE FOR FULL-SIZE BEDS, SIZE 6 FEET 8 INCHES x 5 FEET

SAMPLE PAIR 9/11 or 3 PAIRS 28/6

All Goods CARRIAGE PAID. Buy your GOODS DIRECT and save Shop Profits. (Thousands of Testimonials.)

OUR MOTTO: MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED. Send your ORDER with CASH to-day and avoid disappointment by ordering early, as these GOODS CANNOT BE REPEATED

THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM, PARAGON STORES, BRADFORD, YORKS.

A CHALLENGE TO RHEUM SUFFERERS

Painful Gout, Lumbago, Uric Acid Disorders or Rheumatism

YOU CAN BE FREE OF ONE WEEK FROM HERE IS THE TRY A WEEK'S TALK ALKIA SALAT AT OUR EXHIBITION

To be appreciated MUST BE USED—Trial Offer

The truly amazing effect Alkia Salates has on the body is a matter of fact. It is a unique strength, purging, flushing out the vitally important and intestinal fluids, and after-constipating or habit.

But it does clear the blood of the poisonous acids which form the root of all bodily ailments.

Keep a bottle of Alkia available. It will save you the price of a large bottle of whole family for weeks. Chemists have it.

FREE SUPPLY Send for actual packing slip of Alkia 1s. 6d. for your thorough trial.

We extend this offer to a dozen of our confidence.

NOTE—For more than 10 years Alkia Salates has always been UNQUALIFIED GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK. Ask your Chemist for details.

FITS Send for particulars the CURED Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Gout, etc. Testimonials 1000 in one. **TRENON'S REMEDY** 302, SOUTH FREDERICK

Are YOU a Deadly C Chronic Cold

If you have any doubt ask yourself the following questions: Is my voice husky? Do I sneeze frequently? Do I catch cold easily? Is the nose stopped up? Is my hearing affected? Does my throat feel dry? Do I feel tired on rising? Does the nose discharge? Do I suffer from headache? Do I suffer from hoarseness? Do I expectorate frequently? Is my sense of smell affected? Does phlegm drop into the throat? Do I suffer from asthma? Do I suffer from shortness of breath? Do I have a change in the voice? Do I have a clear nose? Is there a pain between the eyebrows? Is there a fulness or heaviness in the head?

If you answer "Yes" to any of these questions, you are suffering from a cold or influenza, which, if not treated, may lead to serious complications. The best remedy is Regesan Bronchial Lozenges, which will quickly ease you and give a delightful sense of relief and comfort.

GRA

The Graveyard of the World. The Graveyard of the World is a place where the dead are buried. It is a place where the dead are buried. It is a place where the dead are buried.

HURRY UP AND TAKE YOUR 2/6 TICKET IN THE GOLDEN BALLOT

The one and only Ballot Printed Legal.

£2,500 FOR 2/6

Hundreds of other Prizes.

CLOSING BEFORE EASTER

A Fourth Golden Ballot will
open on March 28th, but
the tickets may cost MORE.

THE GOLDEN BALLOT

is in aid of the Royal National Orthopedic
Hospital and Village Settlements for
Disabled Ex-Servicemen.

OUR CINEMA TOURING CARS ARE IN
ASHTON, HYDE & WIGAN THIS WEEK.

2/6 TICKETS from any A.R.C. SHOP.
3, PICCADILLY CIRCUS and from Mrs.
C. F. LEVEL (Box 23).

8, MARBLE ARCH, W.I.

to whom cheques and postal orders should
be made payable. (Please add stamped
addressed envelope).

COUPON—Please send me tickets,
for which I enclose and stamped
addressed envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS

RED CRIME OF "THE GIRL IN THE FLAMING BLOUSE."

STORY OF PASSION & RECKLESS ANARCHY

(From Our Paris Correspondent)

REALLY has any crime so stirred
Paris as the assassination of
a few days ago, of M. Marius
Plateau in the office of the "Action
Francaise," the Royalist newspaper.

The victim, M. Plateau, was one of the
leaders of the Royalist party, a body
which makes up for lack of numbers by
the influence it wields and the daring
methods of direct action adopted by its
adherents. The murdered man was well
known in political circles and to every
Parisian.

And Germaine Berthon, the assassin!
She is 30 years old and a picturesque
figure, familiar to dwellers in many
parts of Paris, who did not know her
name. They knew her as "The Girl in
the Flaming Blouse."

In the Latin quarter, the home of
students, artists, and intellectuals;
in the gay purlieus of Montmartre,
where revellers mingle with the
crooks of Europe;
in the Apache
slums of Belleville, the cradle of com-
munism, she is equally well known.
She has friends and associates in every
nook of Paris, even in the aristocratic
parts of the city.

Germaine was a striking figure as she
strode along in dark velvet tam o' shanter,
short skirt that did not descend be-
low her knees, and the vivid crimson
blouse.

"I carry the flag of my cause on my
heart," she used to say. "Your blood
is not of this colour," she would taunt
her men companions as she harangued
them in a Latin quarter cafe, laying her
hand on her bosom. She is a woman, a
times taciturn and morose; but when
roused she is a volcano of passion and
words.

POLICE STATION OUTBURST.

One incident in her life reveals the
character of the woman. She accused
police officials of having obtained papers
that belonged to her and which she
feared might betray the machinations of
her Anarchist confederates. She walked
into the police-station and de-
manded them. When told that the
papers were not there she broke into a
torrent of abuse and had to be ejected.

Outside she hid herself close by and
waited patiently hours for the commis-
sioners to emerge. When he did she
jumped upon him like a wild cat and
tore at him with tooth and nail. That
episode cost her three months in Saint-
Lazare prison (the woman's gaol where
Mme. Caillaux, another notorious politi-
cal slayer, was also incarcerated while
awaiting trial).

This was her second experience of im-
prisonment. The affair that led up to
her first sentence was equally interpre-
tative of her temperament.

It was love that led to her arrest, it
is believed, the great love of her life, and
in her short stormy career Germaine has
loved often and passionately.

But first Germaine Berthon, the An-
archist, the assassin. The killing of the
Royalist chief, it is believed, is not the
first time she has tried her hand at
murder. When she signed her statement
to the police in the little iron bed
at the Beaujon Hospital, where the girl
was taken with a self-inflicted bullet
wound in her breast after the crime, a
detective remarked the resemblance of
her signature to the handwriting on the
wrapping of a package sent to the U.S.
Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, in Paris some
18 months ago.

That package, which was marked "A
gift of love," contained a bomb, which,
but for the courage and sacrifice of a
faithful valet, would probably have
taken the diplomat's life. Her arrest
for this latest crime may lead to the
elucidation of the Embassy mystery.

DARED HER CLOSEST FRIENDS.

And what were Germaine's relations
with Bouvet, the would-be monk turned
Anarchist, the founder of the "Neither-
God-nor-Master League," who, on July
1st last year, tried to kill President
Millard at the official procession as it
returned to the Elysee Palace from the
military review at Longchamps, and
was sentenced a fortnight ago to 10
years' imprisonment?

Young Bouvet, a mystic, an idealist,
was a close companion of Germaine,
with whom he had many things in
common and whom he resembled in
temperament.

Was it she who egged him on to his
foolish attempt?

This girl, tall, with piercing blue eyes,
golden hair cropped mannishly but
Apache style, with fringe hiding her
lofty forehead, has been a living force
among the youths with whom she has
associated, and undoubtedly has been a
medium between them and the "intel-
lectuals" and foreign agents who direct
the movement.

She came to Paris from the quiet
country town of Tours three or four
years ago on the death of her father.
She settled down to study and worked
in a factory to meet her expenses, and
although she got into touch with ex-
tremist circles, it was not until a man of
compelling force, who appealed to her
heart and not to her intellect, came into
her life that she developed into a mili-
tant.

That man, her "beau Maurice" she
called him, Maurice Remon, was an
anarchist, it is true, a militant anarchist,
an anarchist to his own end; for he
followed the calling of berzelar. And
though, unlike her, he was uneducated
and rough, Germaine, then only 17,

lost her heart to him and became
his mistress.

But one of Maurice's daring coups
went wrong. He and his gang got away
with old mastership from their
frames in a mansion at St. Germain. But
the police were on their track, and when
the round-up came the net closed upon
Germaine as well as her handsome lover.
There was nothing against her except the
Browning found in her pocket, and for
that she had to go to prison for one
month.

Out of prison, she again flung herself
into anarchist propaganda. She sold the
party's journals and distributed their
tracts on the cafe terraces; she de-
nounced workmen's meetings; she de-
fied the police, she declared war on
society and the conventions; she led de-
monstrations; and she received a sabre
cut in a riot.

WILL O' THE WISP.

Never long in one abode, she went from
furnished room to furnished room.
Her only baggage was her small valise,
and at the bottom of this she deposited
carefully the crumpled photographs of
Jaures and Almeréyda, the latter the
defeatist who was found hanging in his
prison cell.

There were times when she vanished
completely for a fortnight at a stretch.
A lover or a plot? Her acquaintances
would quiz her, but her mouth then was
like a steel trap, and she uttered not a
word.

Then a few months ago a change came
over this reckless girl nihilist.

Her passionate flirtations ceased. She
who had been the mistress in turn of
editor, Communist leader, burglar, and
others, who had mocked at morals and
pursued sexual conventions, began to
live a life of austerity. But last October
the police reveal, during her period of
calm meditation, she passed two wild
nights with a lover, a singer, in gay
Montmartre! Then back to her studies
and brooding.

Germaine Berthon declares she had
no accomplice. Maybe during her re-
treat she planned on her own initiative
some stroke; maybe, as the Royalists
say, she was but the tool of others, of
Germans who hoped to create a diversion
in Paris at the time of the occupa-
tion of the Ruhr.

The Royalists allege that her at-
tempted suicide was a sham; that every
move had been foreseen; and that she
feigned death after the crime to save
herself from being lynched.

She says that she is an individualist;
that she will speak of none who have
been her associates. She says she is
proud she has done her duty.

Will Germaine, under the stress of
police examination, speak and reveal
what was behind her crime?

DID IT FOR A JOKE.

GAOL FOR YOUTH WHO STOLE GIRL'S
RING.

Two unusual stories of stolen rings
were told before the Birmingham magis-
trates.

In the first case it was stated that
Dorothy McGuigan, a Scottish girl, stay-
ing at Ladywood, Birmingham, met
Joseph Dainty (19) at Edgbaston. He
took a ring from the girl's hand and re-
fused to return it. She met him the
following day and asked for money. A
police inspector said it was arrange-
ment she should give him £2 for her own
ring. An arrangement was made when
she would give him the money, but three
police officers met him instead.

Dainty, who said he took the ring for
a joke to see if she could trust him, was
sent to prison for a month.

In the second case, Phyllis Cox, a
waitress, met Albert Reynolds, a private
in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry,
and went to the pictures with him.
While she was looking at a ring he
snatched it from her, and did not keep
an appointment to meet later. When
arrested, Reynolds said he had lost the
ring. He was also sent to prison for a
month.

CURSES THAT KILL.

POWER OF PRIESTESSES IN CENTRAL
AFRICA.

One of the Central African tribes has
a novel method of investigating murder
charges.

Speaking at the Royal Geographical
Society, London, Captain J. E. T.
Phillips, who has returned to England
after spending two years in Africa, said
that among this particular tribe the
elders investigate murder charges. If
they decide the accused is guilty he is
shut up for a day in a hut with the
corpse of his victim.

On the second day, if the elders are of
the same opinion as to his guilt, he is
trussed up and laid face upwards in a
deep grave, the body of his victim being
placed above him, and the earth is then
filled in.

The Sultan of Ruanda, he said, is, per-
haps, the most despotic and absolute
ruler in Africa. He alone approaches
divine status.

In one tribe there are priestesses with
enormous powers. They are credited
with destroying enemies or offenders by
their curses and incantations.

LIVED THE SIMPLE LIFE.

AMERICAN'S EFFORTS TO PAY OFF
DEBTS.

In order to pay off his creditors, John
L. Graham, an American, resolved to live
the simple life.

This was the explanation he gave to
the Bangor magistrate when he was
charged with failing to register a change
of address from Bangor to Anglesey.

He had stayed at an Anglesey farm, he
said, for two years, never even passing
through the gate in that time, and had
lived penuriously and paid off every bill
by the use of his hands. It was an oversight
that he did not register the change.

The Bench accepted this statement,
and dismissed the case on payment of
costs.

GIRL SPRAYED WITH ACID.

PERMANENT DISFIGURE-
MENT.

£350 COMPENSATION FOR
HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL.

Disfigured as the result of an explo-
sion during a chemistry lesson at the
East Dereham Council High School for
Girls, a 15-year-old girl pupil, Ena Fos-
ter, was awarded £350 damages at Nor-
folk Assizes at Norwich against the Nor-
folk County Council.

It was explained that the explosion oc-
curred during an experiment to demon-
strate the composition of water.

During the lesson the class of 15 girls
were ranged up close to the apparatus.
When the explosion occurred, Ena Fos-
ter, who was nearest, was sprayed with
acid.

As a consequence her neck was ridged
with scars for which there was no suc-
cessful surgical treatment.

She had intended, it was stated, to be-
come a professional musician, but now
it would be impossible for her to appear
on the concert platform.

On the girl's behalf, negligence or want
of skill was alleged against Miss Bro-
derick, the teacher, who burst into tears
under cross-examination.

Miss Broderick said she could not ac-
count for the explosion. She had only
made the experiment twice before at the
school.

CORONER'S COMPLAINT.

"BUTLER OR COOK MAY GIVE
CHLOROFORM."

Complaining at a Southwark inquest
that certain Home Office recommenda-
tions regarding anaesthetics were not
being carried out, Dr. F. J. Waldo, the
coroner, remarked to a medical witness:
"There is nothing to prevent your
butler or cook from giving chloroform."

The evidence showed that Mrs. Louisa
Eliza Jenner, aged 43, of Gillingham,
died in Guy's Hospital while under an
anaesthetic. She had undergone a
serious abdominal operation.

A post-mortem examination disclosed
that she was suffering from fatty disease
of the heart, which could not have been
diagnosed during life.

Dr. Waldo mentioned that in 1908 a
departmental committee practically
agreed that every death under an
anaesthetic should be reported to the
coroner, who would determine whether
an inquest should be held.

Another recommendation, said Dr.
Waldo, was that in the case of a death
under an anaesthetic in a hospital or
other public institution there should be
a scientific investigation into the actual
cause of death, conducted by the au-
thorities of the institution concerned.

The jury found that the anaesthetic
was suitable and skillfully administered.
They returned a verdict of "Death
by misadventure," and added a rider
that the Home Office recommendations
should be carried out.

POSTAL CHARGES.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND PRINTERS'
DEPUTATION.

An appeal for lower postal rates for
printed paper and postcards was made
by a deputation from the Joint Indus-
trial Council of the Printing and Allied
Industries which was received by the Post-
master-General.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain stated that
printed paper rate now involved the
Post Office in a loss. The postcard rate
was reduced 33 1/3 per cent. last May,
and there had been an increase of only
about 6 per cent. in the postcard traffic,
which did not encourage the Department
to lead to the increased revenue
which the deputation suggested.

While he would not be in a position to
make a statement about particular rates
until he had fully considered the whole
range of the postal charges for the next
financial year, he would bear in mind the
views which had been put before him.

GAOL FOR BORNSTAL BOY.

CAREER OF CRIME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A Bornstal boy's relapse into crime was
related in the Glasgow Sheriff Court
when James Paterson Cunningham was
sentenced to six months' imprisonment
on two charges of theft, one of theft by
housebreaking, and another of at-
tempted housebreaking.

It was stated that Cunningham, when
liberated from a Bornstal institution,
secured a situation on an Argyllshire
farm.

While there he entered a house on an
adjoining farm and stole a pocket-book
and deposit receipts for £14 and £13,
and on a second occasion he stole three
watches. When inquiry was made about
the missing articles Cunningham dis-
appeared.

At Spear Bridge he broke into a house
and stole a suit of clothes and other
articles, and eventually made his way to
Glasgow, where he was caught trying to
break into a public house.

FATAL HEADER.

BOY'S DEATH WHILE PLAYING
FOOTBALL.

The sudden jerking of the spinal cord
while playing football caused the death
of George Atkins (11), at Birmingham.

It was stated at an inquest that the
boy jumped to head the ball. He then
fell on his back and died. A verdict of
accidental death was recorded.

WORRIED OVER GOOD FORTUNE.

At an inquest at Frinton, Essex, on
John Juniper Butcher (40), a wheel-
wright, it was stated that his uncle in
a neighbouring village had left him his
wheelwright's business and a house and
furniture.

He was upset by his good fortune and
was continually grieving for his late
uncle. His body was found in a pond
near his home.

A verdict of suicide during temporary
insanity was returned.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATESTS AS LOW BARGAIN PRICE FOR
PRINTED PAPER AND POSTCARDS. (Adm.)

IF YOU HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE FOR FOOT TORTURES

you are now ready really to appreciate the marvellous effects
produced by a foot-bath in the water instantly prepared by
adding Roudel Bath Salts.

Official Holders of the World's Walking, Running, and Sprinting
Championships tell why they use this remarkably effective
"Roudelated" water and why nothing else will do.

FOR immediate relief and a really lasting cure of stiffness, eczema, rashes, insect bites and
sores, scalds, sunburn, itching, and all
other foot troubles, water is all you
need. This water is prepared by
adding Roudel Bath Salts to the water
in your bath. It is a really effective
remedy for all foot troubles, and
it is the only one that will give you
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THE PITIFUL CRY OF THE UNMARRIED MOTHER.

MANNERS AND MORALS OF MILL-GIRLS OF YORKSHIRE.

No matter how opinions may differ with regard to the changes which the Government is being urged to make in the law affecting illegitimate children, the evidence of the terrible plight in which large numbers of unmarried mothers find themselves grows stronger.

Pathetic proof is furnished by Leeds. Here recently there have been some very distressing cases in which girls so young as 16, have been left to face alone their shame.

Social workers, backed by many societies, are seeking legislative reforms to ensure an increased maximum amount payable under an affiliation order, the automatic appointment of collecting officers in all police courts, and the legitimisation of children by the subsequent marriage of their parents.

MILL-GIRLS VINDICATED.

(By a Special Correspondent of "The People.")

Although little publicity has been given them, suggestions have been very late in certain directions that the general behaviour and morals of Leeds mill-girls working in the neighbouring weaving mills were becoming—as one woman told me—"a blot on the name of their city."

Investigation disclosed precious little justification for this charge, but it served to reveal a blacker blot with which, apparently, the mill-girls are not so much concerned as some of their frailer sisters.

The extent of the unmarried-mother problem in Leeds (and Leeds is typical of other industrial towns of similar size) may be judged from the fact that the Mothers' and Babies' Home of the Salvation Army is always full and that there are about 20 mothers and babies there at all times. Many others have to be refused admission. And the Salvation Army Home is only one of the institutions in Leeds undertaking this work.

But, said Brigadier Elizabeth Bird, of the Salvation Army, when I discussed the subject with her, "do give the mill-girl her proper due. We hardly ever get a mill-girl here; in fact, I am quite sure that we have not had five in a year."

TOM-BOYS. You cannot understand the mill-girl unless you have a sense of humour. That, at any rate, was my reflection when I met a small crowd of them, and saw myself imitated as a "toll" by one of the time others were talking at me, or rather at my spats, in accents as plain as they were broad and good-natured.

On the early morning train from Leeds to Bradford, and see the girls return in the evening. You will probably find some Tom-Boy boisterousness—for most of them seem to be happy-go-lucky Tom-Boys—you will almost certainly hear some pantomime or music-hall songs rendered with remarkable justness, you may overhear a story too "fruity" to be called ladylike, and it is not impossible, if you are thin-skinned, that some little examples of language will jar on your ears as decidedly strong.

But if you are any judge of character, you will see that none of these things bespeak bad morals, and that the mill-girl whose language is hefty knows better how to take care of her honour than many a demure little miss with manners suitable to a Society salon.

SERVANT-GIRL SUFFERERS. As a matter of fact, it has been Brigadier Bird's experience that the majority of the unmarried mothers whom she has seen called upon to help of late years have been very young girls and young women of the apparently higher-class servant type.

And far too many of them are victimised by married men and plausible, well-dressed strangers who cover their identities by giving incorrect names and addresses.

Then, when a girl has to pay the penalty of her weakness, her lover is missing.

What can she do? She may go to the Salvation Army or another home, where she will be assisted. Efforts will be made to trace the father, but they fail in many cases, despite the efforts of the police.

Here is a typical case. A girl of 19, holding a good situation in one of the principal institutions of Leeds, thought she was honestly loved by a man who, being an single, courted her for 18 months. Then he disappeared, and she

was left alone. She may go to the Salvation Army or another home, where she will be assisted. Efforts will be made to trace the father, but they fail in many cases, despite the efforts of the police.

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GRANDMOTHER'S HEROISM.

PLUNGE INTO CANAL. MOTHER AND SMALL SON RESCUED.

A boy barely three years old, his mother and the grandmother, a woman of over 60, were the actors in a drama of life and death, the scene of which was the canal at Crosskeys, near Newport (Mon).

The grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Carter, a small, delicate woman, hearing screams rushed to the canal bank and found that her grandson had fallen into the water.

Without hesitation she plunged in after the child.

The little boy's mother then came rushing on the scene and jumped into the canal over her mother's head. The latter was slow in her movements, being hampered by her skirts, and the daughter was just able to clutch at her child as he was going under and lift him out of the water.

The mother, with the little boy in her arms, then began to sink in the mud, and the old woman, clutching at both of them, endeavoured to drag them out. This she succeeded in doing after a hard struggle, all three regaining the bank in a state of great exhaustion.

Neighbours had arrived at the spot, and the trio were assisted to their home.

MOTHER'S FIGHT TO SAVE SON. Falling into the River Wye a little boy belonging to gypsies who encamped at Bakewell, Derbyshire, was carried over a weir.

His mother jumped into the swollen river, and swimming 50 yards to her drowning child, rescued him on the brink of a second waterfall.

The boy was almost dead, but was brought round by a doctor.

LIFE FOR HER CHILD. Rushing into the roadway to save her two-year-old baby from being knocked down by a motor-car, Beatrice May Fletcher (29), wife of a farm labourer at Hilton, near Derby, stumbled, and was struck by the mudguard of the car, which contained a party of footballers.

She died later from fracture of the skull. The baby crossed the road safely.

The driver was exonerated, and a verdict of accidental death was recorded at the inquest.

READING FOR THE BLIND.

NEW INVENTION THAT USES LIGHT AND TOUCH.

By means of a new invention Professor A. M. Low claims that the blind can read printed or written matter as easily as persons who can see.

The device is as yet only in its design stage," said Professor Low.

There is nothing very marvellous about the idea; it is not even new in its general application. It depends upon the use of selenium cells, the electrical resistance of which varies with the amount of light falling upon them.

In this new invention Professor Low uses a box about a foot square, which is placed over any ordinary piece of print or writing.

By the use of light projected through a lens within the box," said Professor Low, "it is possible to raise a number of small electro-magnets above the reading surface, according to the amount of light, or lack of light, acting on the selenium connected with the magnets."

An illustration may be given. If the box is resting above the word "and," the letters "a-n-d" will form themselves at the top, immediately under the touch of the blind person, thus enabling him or her to spell out the word without the slightest difficulty.

When a line of print or manuscript has been "read" in this way, the box is lowered a little to the next line, and so on down the page.

COLD LIGHT.

NEW ILLUMINANT THAT CREATES NO HEAT.

Particulars have just been disclosed of two inventions of importance to the cinema industry.

A device for the production of "cold light" was demonstrated at Los Angeles by Mr. M. J. Ritterath.

"Cold light" is claimed to be pure white, and so free from heat that even highly inflammable cinema films can be subjected to it for hours without fear of burning. This is impossible with ordinary illuminants.

M. Bull, of the Mancy Institute, Paris, described to the French Academy of Science how he obtained 250 kinematograph photographs of the usual size in 100th of a second—or at the rate of 25,000 pictures in one second. M. Bull caused a prism to revolve at the rate of 100 revolutions a second. This being lighted by a succession of electric sparks "threw" the picture on to a stationary film.

KING AND SWAZI CHIEF.

Paramount Chief Bobhaza, the Swaziland Chief, was received by the King at Buckingham Palace. The Chief and his suite were driven to the palace in royal carriages.

"The King received us most graciously," said the Chief after the interview. "On entering the great room where the King awaited us we gave him the 'bayete,' the salutation which is reserved, according to our custom, only for the personal greeting of great monarchs. Then I addressed the King, explaining why we had come to England. We were much impressed by the King's great but simple dignity. He is truly a great monarch."

LEMONS FOR LONGEVITY.

There is in Dover Infirmary a Frenchman who is over 103 years old. He is Jacob du Bray, a Crimean veteran, who until recently lived at Town Hall-passage, Dover.

He has been married five times, and his fifth wife, who is 79, is still alive. He is a teetotaler and non-smoker, and attributes his great age to lemon drinking.

MURDER VERDICT AGAINST INSANE MOTHER.

DROWNED THREE BABIES SHUT IN CUPBOARD BY CHILD.

A verdict of murder was returned at the inquest held at Teddington on the three children of Mrs. Grace Rosa Ellison (31), who drowned them in a bath.

The previous day an inquest was held on the woman, and the jury found she had committed suicide while of unsound mind.

Dr. Poole stated that the children—Pauline (3½), Frederick (14 months), and Edward (5 weeks)—did not appear to have been in the bath very long. Under his directions artificial respiration was carried out for 20 minutes.

Frederick William Ellison, father of the children, said that his wife had been rather depressed after the birth of her last child. Witness did not notice that she was strange in her mind, and she had never threatened to commit suicide. She had no troubles, and they were living very happily together.

Evidence was also given by Willoughby Thomas Russell, a disabled ex-soldier, who said after finding the children in the bath he took them downstairs and tried artificial respiration until a doctor arrived.

Coroner: I think you are to be highly commended for your conduct. You kept your head, and acted in a very sensible manner.

SHUT IN CUPBOARD.

The coroner said he thought Mrs. Ellison had probably had a sudden impulse to drown the children, and acted on it. She had paid the penalty, and she would be judged by a merciful Judge.

At the inquest on the mother, Mr. Ellison said that early in December (a short time before she was confined) one of the children accidentally locked her in a cupboard.

By some means the gas in the kitchen was turned on, and when his father-in-law went in, he found the woman partly unconscious. The child was unable to open the door of the cupboard, which was fastened by a button.

HALF-STARVED HERO.

For rescuing a man from drowning in the Regent's Canal, George Willingall, of Paddington, was presented at Paddington Borough Council with £10 from the Carnegie Hero Fund.

It was stated that Willingall at the time was out of work, and weak from lack of food, but he climbed a high fence and ran a considerable distance to the spot where the man was drowning.

"To make cakes and puddings more easily —



more cheaply, and better, use BIRD'S Egg Substitute."

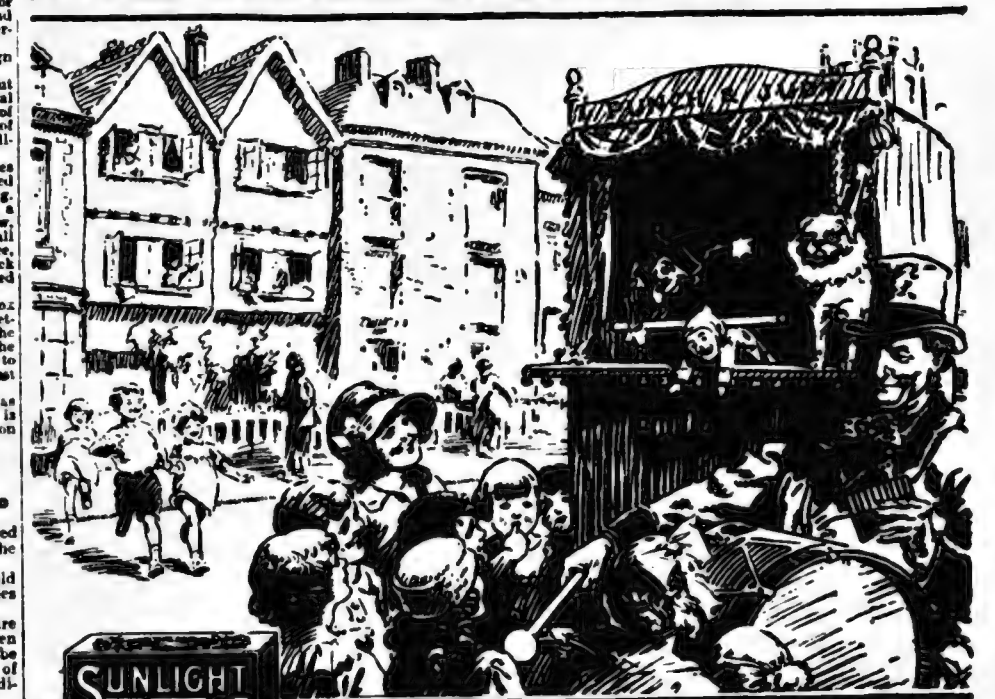
Every tin of Bird's Egg Substitute is a tin with a purpose. Bird's send it out to make the housewife's task lighter; to make home-made cakes, puddings, buns, etc., less expensive, more enticing, of finer flavor, and wholesome.



is a fine golden powder which raises, flavors and imparts lightness. It also gives that rich, appetizing appearance which is the sure sign of good baking.

Use Bird's Egg Substitute in place of Eggs. It is quicker, less expensive and always reliable. No baking powder or self-raising flour required.

SIMPLE STORIES OF SUNLIGHT STREET



THE SUNLIGHT STREET KIDDIES CAN LAUGH AT THIS STRIFE. YOU CAN EASILY SEE THEY'VE NO QUARREL WITH LIFE.

The children love Punch and Judy, and they know that such "goings-on" do not happen in the best regulated families. Certainly not in the happy homes of Sunlight Street.

The immortal puppet show is rich in the ingredients of drama. Sunlight Soap is rich in those ingredients which promote domestic felicity by ensuring absolute cleanliness of home and linen without violence of any kind.

Its purity yields a persuasive power over dirt.

NO RUBBING NO SCRUBBING

Sunlight Street is the great Highway of Health—It is a Thoroughfare of Thorough Cleanliness.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

SABBATH ON THE LOCH

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SERVANT WHO DISAPPROVED OF IT.

Bible history fails to relate that the late Mr. Ananias was an angler, but we may presume that such was the case. Major Harding Cox in his new book, "A Sportsman at Large" (Hutchinson and Co.).

Among the many good stories that Major Cox unfolds is an anecdote of an old servant of Queen Victoria, who had been pensioned and established in a home on the shores of Loch Calater.

One day a distinguished traveller was talking to her of the Queen.

"I'm sure, Mrs. MacFarlane," he said, "you ought to be proud to think that the Queen is so kind and friendly to you."

"Oh, yes," replied the old woman, "in proof now; but ah, dinna like that MacFarlane a rovin' a the loch o' Sabbath."

"Oh, come!" exclaimed the visitor, "surely there's no harm in that? Why have you forgotten that Our Lord rowed the Sea of Galilee on the Sabbath?"

"Oh, yes," replied the old woman, "but the Lord's day is the better o' Him."

ONE LONG SCREAM.

When Charlotte Eason was summoned to Brighton for using indecent language, a police sergeant said he heard her when she was round the corner.

She was hanging out of a window from which she had smashed all glass, and was screaming at the top of her voice from 11.45 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. Everyone in the street was roused, and added to the noise.

LA GARÇONNE.

BAN ON NOVEL OF PARISIAN LIFE.

"La Garçonne," the novel of post-war Parisian life, has been withdrawn from circulation in this country.

This decision has been reached by the booksellers as a result of a communication from Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in which he says that in his opinion "La Garçonne" is a book which should not be sold.

The author of the book, M. Victor Marguerite, was recently removed from the French Legion of Honour.

"The police have no power to prohibit the sale," said an official of Messrs. Hachette, the French publishers. "What they can do, however, is to call the attention of a magistrate to a bookseller who is offering the book for sale. As respectable booksellers do not care to take the risk of a prosecution, they are, I believe, ceasing to sell 'La Garçonne.' As for ourselves, we are entirely withdrawing the book."

ARM FOR INJURED BOY.

A settlement was announced in the King's Bench Division in a claim by Richard Victor Palmer, of Old Oak Cottages, Hildenborough, Kent, aged 15 years (suing through his grandfather), against Pace and Overton's Brewery, Ltd., of Shirley Brewery, Croydon, in respect of injuries by one of the company's lorries in London-rd., Hildenborough, on April 6.

The boy had to have his left arm amputated above the elbow. It was stated that there would be a consent judgment for £200 and costs.

The TUFF

BY LARRY LYNX

"Larry Lynx" cannot correspond by post with readers, but will answer through "The People" any questions, general or special, sent to him. Address: "Larry Lynx," "The People," Bedford Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

NOTTINGHAM'S BIG FIELDS.

IMPROVED FORM OF CHARLIE WISE.

It is remarkable that the Midland meetings attract such a large number of runners compared with fixtures in the South. But I suppose it is a result of so many more training centres being within such convenient reach.

When Prime More beat Elton last week at Leicester the defeat was excused on the ground that Elton had had to make his own running. With a 4th pull he was expected to turn the tables and was again a strong favourite. It looked as though Wootton approaching the last hurdles, but

"LARRY LYNX" IN FORM.

GOOD PRICED WINNERS.

Whilst a proportion of "Larry Lynx's" selections last week were non-runners, many winners were included amongst the remainder.

The successful predictions included—
Narrowmirth 5-1
Phantom Willie 5-1
Fairway 5-1
Polisson 5-1
High Force 5-1

Again Prime More ran him out of it. The winner was bought in for 200g.; at Leicester it had only cost 175g.

End of Impressions.
The Newark Selling Steeplechase proved a most unsatisfactory affair. After Maudslayi and William (17) had been backed by the crowd, the latter was the favourite. At the last hurdle Jack Boote toppled over and brought down Impressions. The latter was going well at the time and looked like winning. Mr. Frank Brown was not, fortunately, hurt, but his mount was unable to rise. In the circumstances Padraig was a very lucky winner from William W. and Maudslayi.

Truly jumping form is difficult to weigh up. It was all the odds offered against Charlie Wise for the Harrington Hurdle on his Kempton form. But he left all that behind and returned to his Newbury form when beating Dorado. He was followed home by another outsider in the locally owned Jackade. Bright Orb, after being pronounced, was just beaten out of a place.

A Lucky Winner.
There is little doubt but Heathenote would have taken the Mansfield Steeplechase but for falling at the last fence. Not only the favourite, greatly disappointed, but so did another recent amateur winner, Lord Rallivier, who was a very bad third. In the circumstances Singleote must be accounted a very lucky winner.

Roundhay's turn came at last. The horse owned by Mr. Arthur Wilby, M.P. for Central Leeds, and is named after that

city's famous park. As Couthwaite did not run either of his Frank Wootton was free to ride Roundhay, who was always favourite, with Mr. Joe Baylis supporting his Wee Moan. Roundhay was always going well and had won a long way from the finish, the two favourites being split at the finish by Maudslayi.

Col. Birkin hoped to score a local success in the Wollaton Steeplechase with Ballycapelle, but after the first furlong or so he made no show, and Hulo Holloa, taking the lead on the flat, very cleverly got the better of Vaxol.

Now Harrismith won.
WOLVERHAMPTON'S USEFUL SELLING PLAYS.

"Too warm for the time of the year," was the complaint on Tuesday at Colwick. But anyway it is better for jumping than frost and snow. We shall be having that at the spring meeting here on the flat," was the cry of the pessimist.

Troop of runners and racing fans gathered on the wind-up at Colwick. The only small field was in the Four-Year-Old Selling Hurdle. There had originally only been six entries, but four more had been added. The best he could do was to get third. Knight of the Mint was soon out 10 lengths clear, but he had not been in the race for long. However, he was first over the final jump, but Maudslayi then outpaced him. Mr. Farrah is running into form. His present winner had not been in the race for long.

A Profitable Race.
The Wolverhampton bar, Mr. A. J. Chamberlain, who varies his seasonal pursuits by training a jumper or two, has a very useful player in Snake Ash. In the Rufford Hurdle he was second in his first four attempts. He spent a bad pot in Lily 1, fairly and squarely, and at 200g. was bought in, so the Wolverhampton division must have had a good race.

The winner turned up in Harrismith. He is in the big Liverpool race, but the stable has Turkey Buzzard in it. In the big malop over the Kempton course a fortnight ago, Harrismith and Turkey Buzzard both took part. Harrismith had a shrewd suspicion it was the first time he had been in the race. He was named and not the National horse that was being tried.

Scotch Knight won the Stayers' Hurdle over 15 miles, and no doubt deserves to do so, but he has been a very close thing of it. The verdict was a short head, but most people would not have been surprised had a dead-end horse been declared. Squire Krieger is certain to win shortly. He would have done so now in very few more strides.

Phantom Willie had disappointed when as much fancied at Leicester. Now Wootton appears to be in better form. He was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle, and he was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle. He was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle, and he was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle.

What had proved an eminently successful meeting wound up with the very ready success of Wollaton in the Tollerent Chase, a result that was most gratifying to Percy Woodland.

REAL SPORT AT SANDOWN.
THE NATIONAL FAVOURITE BEATEN.

It was a real National Hunt racing at Sandown on Wednesday—the best horse race had all the winter. It is really remarkable how often trainers do support racing at Ebor. But they do not do so for the sake of the money. It is no better course for jumping. Billy Higginson's horse is not a brilliant rider, but he did well enough to beat Wootton to win the Woking Selling Hurdle. But he had a lot in hand, for old St. Elmer, in the colours of the former owner, the late Mr. Ted Arnold, came with a rare burst on the flat and only failed by a neck to get up.

Major Doyle won at his best on Hawker in the Stanley Cup Handicap for Amateurs. Riders, and as a result he cleverly got the better of Silken Prince. Mr. Prieau rode the latter in a no-disparaging spirit that I cannot say the Major could have won on either of the first two.

Of course Another Attraction was all the race to the Prince Albert Hurdle on his Kempton second to Tomhawk. But he had made out fairly a good thing, and just before the race met Couthwaite, and he confirmed the view telling the horse was unlucky when beaten at Derby.

Easy for Frank Wootton.
Frank Wootton now had the most comfortable of rides on the Wednesday horse. He was not on the flat and stayed there, and Another Attraction had to be content with second place. I don't think Black Gown will make a hurdler. He did not now shape like it and was not called off.

Everybody has been vying for Arravale in the paddock for the mile vive for Arravale. He had not been out since last National day, when he was ridden by the good Arab. I thought he had been very well through by now, and he will be a different horse at Liverpool. He had too weight and was made favourite.

Now Arravale went.
He gave a good show, perhaps as good as might reasonably be expected. At the last fence he was a little off his stride, but the self-appointed critics thought he ought to have gone on riding his horse. But this is not my view. It would have done him no harm to have given him a little more weight. After looking all over a comfortable winner he was caught in the last stride by the better weight, Camarlaman, who was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle.

Now Philip made quite a sparkling debut over the sticks in the Metropolitan Maiden Hurdle. He simply slammed his field, taking his obstacles like a child. He was a very good display was that of the favourite, Cravenmore, whose display was quite a sorry one, for he could not jump at all.

Mr. Lottine has every reason to be satisfied with the result of providing a race to give the stableboys a chance. Duff, who won the Experimental Steeplechase on Major Duff's Lady Nelson, rode quite a good race. There were, however, several falls, one of them being the much-expected St. Ends.

OUR SANDOWN DOUBLE.
POLISSON AND HIGH FORCE BOTH SET HOME.

There was a lot of moisture in the air at Sandown on Thursday, but the rain held off. Sport was seen of an interesting character and once more the crowd was a good one.

Camarlaman was not reported in the ring for the Harrington Hurdle like one of Wootton's good things, but there is always the possibility of "a.m." Approaching the last fence it looked as though George Duller on Cliffridge was going to win. Then the crowd broke head and a warty race ended in Tony Ewell getting the better of young Smith on Seabreeze. Speed, the favourite, who finished second, was a good winner of the Harrington Hurdle. The other portion of the race. This was the first appearance of Camarlaman over the sticks. He is a useful runner.

There was plenty of interest in the Selling Steeplechase, but Bill of Caman, the very decided favourite, found one too good for him in Triple Blue, who had only run once before this season, when second over this course in December.

It looks like an attempt at leg-pulling the latter had received from a good rider, asking for a list of runners and prices, with jockeys, of all the principal races from 1900 to 1922. The correspondent very kindly offers to supply sufficient paper and postage. It would be much cheaper for him to secure annual guides for those years.

I am anxious to hear of the present whereabouts of Albert John Count, for some time a jockey in France and also a trainer at Chantilly. His brother is anxious to get into communication with him.

IN THE PADDOCK.—No. 5
G. DULLER.

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ber to Impressions. He now put up a very smart display and got the better of the favourite fairly and squarely. Bell Toll, who has frequently been in the sale ring of late without success, broke down.

Polisson, in the Cardinal's Hurdle Handicap, got us our day's expenses, for though favourite our "star" selection started at the nice price of 3 to 1. He was a particularly smart winner, too. Durdly riding a capital race on him to come between the last two hurdles and readily stall off the attentions of Sea Voyage. A great disappointment in the race was Waterford Glass II.

I was very much impressed with the display of Gerald L. in winning the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. The race was over 3 miles and he should have no difficulty in getting the National course; in fact, my information is that he is a very genuine Liverpool candidate. For a long way Silvo was prominent, but when it came to racing home the winner "slammed" him, whilst Vico, even without his 7lb. penalty, would not have won.

An Easy Journey.
King David did not turn out for the February Four-Year-Old Hurdle. I had scarcely expected he would, and therefore turned out quite a good day for High Force, and so we brought off our day's double.

But unfortunately that Luck didn't continue the good work in the Epsom Steeplechase, for Kaitennake was allowed to get too far away, and with a stone the worst of the weights that Luck could not quite get up.

RACING JOTTINGS.
It looks like an attempt at leg-pulling the latter had received from a good rider, asking for a list of runners and prices, with jockeys, of all the principal races from 1900 to 1922. The correspondent very kindly offers to supply sufficient paper and postage. It would be much cheaper for him to secure annual guides for those years.

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SNAPSHOTS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

INTERESTING PARS ABOUT SPORT AND SPORTSMEN.

Arising out of the Lawton case, the Scottish Rugby Union (it is stated) are making all Colonial players sign a form to the effect that they have never played for or against a Northern Union team. At present this scheme is only in action as regards internationals, but it is soon to be adopted by all the clubs in the country, so that it will be impossible for a man who has taken part in a match with professionals to turn out for a Scottish fifteen.

There are now giving displays at White Hart Lane that are much more satisfactory to their supporters than in the first three months of the season. To the end of November they eight played, but since then they have won five in succession and have scored down 35 against three.

Liverpool are the most consistent team in the country, and it is urged in the North that England ought to play Chambers and Hopkin as a wing. That they are the most effective in the League is pretty well admitted, but what is equally true is that they are the best forward in the League. Ireland match at the Hawthornes on next Saturday, and it is expected that they will be better than ever, and that their high praise is well deserved.

The Arsenal have now one of the most powerful defences in the Premier Division is proved by recent play. In the last match, in the six games they have played since Christmas they only one goal has been given away.

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THE BIG HEART

BY JOHN G. BRANDON
A MODERN STORY OF LOVE & INTRIGUE



CHAPTER I.

In which Virtue is in its own reward.
Mr. Patrick D'Alroy Courtenay, ex-Captain R.F.A., betook himself to Lodgegate Hill at a good brisk businesslike pace. Businesslike was precisely the adjective best suited to Mr. Courtenay's profession, for he was above what he was doing, and early, upon what he was doing, he was the most elusive of all human goals, the quest of a job.
And Mr. Courtenay made, as he steered his way up the busy hill, smart and well up with the life and graceful swing of the athlete, and a knock of nerves that made him never then it really was, and a general air of alert capability and a good-looking face that attracted steadily.
He was a handsome chap, Mr. Patrick—well, a doubt of it; and there were not any of the busy little City misses who didn't second glance for the good-looking Irishman as he brushed past, lowering her chin, on his passage up the street.
From first-floor windows he caught a seasonal smile sung down at him, and a lady back one as pleasant in return that he felt a fair titter lapped from the typewriter before her, and day-dreamed while at her employer's expense. Mr. Courtenay had possibly reminded her of someone else.
He was the possessor of a pair of jolly blue eyes—inherited from a mother with a white teeth that it was hard to get "No" to when their owner smiled and begged for anything. The mouth could do anything really annoyed Mr. Courtenay; but it was not often that happened. It didn't last long when it did. There was plenty of good square chin—if the mouth did give it the lie, but for the rest of him, there was a charm of a touch of brogue, and a way of saying "any" for any, and "a thin" when he pleaded for something, that generally got him what he was asking for.
So far, though it hadn't procured for him at the moment he stood most in need of, and that was employment; a job! However, upon this bright particular sunny morning there loomed hopes—dear hopes.
But two days ago had Patrick answered rather ambiguously advertisement in the "Times," that read as follows—
"WANTED, for work of a very special, delicate, and confidential nature, a man of between thirty and forty years of age. Must be a gentleman, with some social standing. A officer preferred; one accustomed to executive work, and quick decision action. Endeavour remuneration and permanent employment for suitable man. Apply, full credentials, and enclosing photograph, where possible, to 'X. Y. Z.,' care 'The Times.'"
In response to his hurried application, Mr. Patrick Courtenay had but that morning received an epistle requesting him to call at the office of Mr. John Hammerden, an address in Lombard-st., at 10 o'clock (the hour was heavily underlined), present his card, and the mysterious "X. Y. Z." would interview him.
So here was the gentleman, with the hope that springs eternal, surging through his extremely human heart, and the faithful letter over it, all towards the rendezvous at twenty minutes to the hour appointed. He was returning to himself, as he went, an entirely imaginary conversation between himself and the mysterious "X. Y. Z." and being to the high heavens that this did come unstuck as so many other "possibilities" had done before.
For he needed "X. Y. Z.'s" job, and needed it sorely.
The qualifications it demanded he could do to a hair—if ever living man could. He was everything the advertisement called for, and more—if only his maternal grandmother, old Lady D'Alroy Courtenay, would stand up and say when called upon, that he was a social light, and of the highest breeding in the land. If he didn't "bad cess to the old devil," he could keep her dirty money and use it to someone else (which he didn't do) a moment more because, in reality, he was very fond of the arbitrary old lady in Fern Square).
As for the delicate and confidential part of it, and the man that could keep the tongue in his head that he could—master was a valuable animal beside him. A delicate? Ah, well, he was an expert, and that should be guaranteed enough for anybody. He was a man of positive work and the decisive action of it—well, his war records could back that up. His D.R.O. and M.C. might not be a hand to a poor devil there—or they might not. Yet never could tell—as Mr. Courtenay says.
Now those thoughts—and others similar—flamboyant that rampaged through his head as he strode along, it will be surmised that Mr. Patrick D'Alroy Courtenay inherited a good many things from his laughing blue eyes and a little yellow-haired and fast; refusing one inch from the entirely unscrupulous position it had selected to strike in. An ornate pig-headed devil of a car that was out for blood, and his little face the picture of agonising despair, as she struggled in among the absolutely distracting beautiful that he had ever laid eyes upon—was something to say, for Mr. Patrick Courtenay had remarkably quick sight for anything coming under that category.
There she was! Policemen ordered her; gentlemen of the motor omnibuses gave her facetious advice, fore and aft, as they swung round the mulish little yellow vehicle. Newsboys chided her; stout old gentlemen glared at her as though she were doing them some personal injury, and the culminating jibe came from the driver of a motor-hearse who gallantly offered her a tow.
Her little hands trembled in among the gears; the tears welled into her beautiful distraught eyes and then, looking up with a violent start at someone towering over her she beheld the engaging countenance of Mr. Patrick Courtenay, who, hat in hand, stood smiling before her. In his smile she saw, as a good many others had done before, a great comfort and sympathy.
"I'm afraid," said Mr. Patrick, with great deference, "you're in trouble."
The little lady wrung her hands.
"I don't know what to do! It's never done this before."
"Oh, I know them," said Mr. Patrick, tapping the glittering bonnet indulgently with his walking-stick. "I know them. They're demons to go, and devils to stop. Leave it to me."
Relieving himself of his hat and stick, which he handed to the little lady (who was uttering fervid expressions of gratitude), and divesting himself of his coat, which he hung carelessly across the door with the utmost contempt for all curious onlookers, he dived cheerfully into the oily bowels of the yellow Juggernaut like a mar. pre-determined to conquer.
And of "X. Y. Z." waiting in the office of the great hammer for the felicity of Mr. Courtenay's company—what? To the devil with him—he could wait. Was not the peerless little beauty in dire necessity? She was, and could not be, Paddy Courtenay, rescue her from her plight? He could. Very well, then. "X. Y. Z." must possess himself in patience though the very stones of Lombard-st. cry out, or be take himself—along with his other one and twenty brothers of the alphabet—to the

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"I know the City fairly well," said the little lady tentatively, as they sped towards the Bank; "what part is it that you're looking for?"
"Lombard-st.," answered Patrick, shoving the bonnet of a motor-bus by an inch or a fraction thereof; and then informing her of the address.
"I believe," said the little lady thoughtfully, the tiny frown again appearing between her brows, "I believe I know where that is."
"Splendid!" said Mr. Courtenay, enthusiastically.
He turned to find his beautiful companion watching him very curiously. She smiled and blushed—a little disconcerted. Mr. Courtenay obliged with his most illuminating grin.
"Did you—did you want the job so very badly?" she asked gently.
"I did that," replied Mr. Courtenay seriously. "Though whether I'd have been the man for it remained to be seen." He dragged the cutting from his pocket with his disengaged hand and passed it to her, narrowly averting sudden death to them as a consequence. "That's what you have to be," he informed her.
"Oh," observed the little lady, reading it carefully for the second time. "And are you?"
"I am," answered Mr. Courtenay with exceeding cheerfulness; "and if I'm not, I have to make old 'X. Y. Z.' believe I am."
Outside the door of some exceedingly palatial offices she signalled to stop; Mr. Courtenay pulled up, and stepped out on to the pavement. He took off his hat, and stood holding her tiny hand in his.



deceit. "I would not be a long job, anyhow, and if it was."
Such was the temper of the gentleman when engaged in the business of squire aux dames.
Now as his coat fell across the door of the two-seater where it was cast haphazard, Mr. Courtenay's well-worn and (alack!) thin-lined pocket-book fell from it to the mat at the lovely little lady's feet. Out of it slipped a roughly-cut advertisement from "The Times" of two days previous.
The first she lifted and restored surreptitiously; the second she did not see until some moments later; when her eye chancing upon it, "he picked it up and would hardly read it."
With a tiny frown between her beautiful hazel eyes, she surveyed as much of the broad back of her deliverer as was visible out of the internal regions of the refractory yellow car; and covertly replaced the cutting in the pocket-book in his coat.
She could hear his voice—and very pleasantly it struck upon her ears with its touch of the "Come-ether" in it—wheeling and cajoling the obstreperous party, as though addressing some refractory young female who had to be banished into the performance of her manifest duty.
Mr. Patrick looked up with his engaging grin.
"Try her now," he ordered.
The little lady pressed her self-starter, and the engine thrummed and buzzed as though they had never heard of such a thing as a breakdown since first they came out of the workshop.
"There you are now!" exclaimed Mr. Courtenay triumphantly, as he replaced the bonnet.
"I can never thank you sufficiently," urged the little lady earnestly.
"Ah, 'tis nothing at all now," responded he deprecatingly, finding a piece of wax and wiping as much of the oil as possible from his hands. The cuffs of his once spiced shirt would not bear investigation; he saw her glance at them in dismay, and hurriedly flung on his coat to hide them from view.
"I am afraid," she began, still gazing in their oil-bedragged direction, "that you've ruined the bonnet."
Mr. Courtenay swiftly shuffled them still further up his arms.
"Now, 'tis all right," he interrupted. "They'll do."
And at that moment was chimed out in deep and solemn tones the hour of ten.
Mr. Courtenay eyed his fair companion in some dismay.
"Oh, Lord!" he gasped. "Old 'X. Y. Z.' I'd forgotten all about him. I should have been here by ten o'clock!"
"Couldn't I drop you anywhere?" inquired the little lady eagerly. "If you drive we can go very quickly."
Mr. Patrick breathed a small sigh of relief.
"If it wouldn't inconvenience you, I'd be awfully grateful. 'Tis in the City I have to be by ten o'clock. It said punctually: as I suppose I've lost the job before I've got it. Well," he sighed philosophically, "it's all in the day's work—and I couldn't be helped anyhow!"

CHAPTER II.

In which Virtue pays a considerably better dividend.
The room to which Mr. Courtenay was ushered by an exceedingly gentlemanly clerk, who politely requested that he would abide therein until required, was an extremely large, lofty, and ornate apartment. It was conceivably a Board Room—consecrated to those high and solemn occasions, when the financially venturesome foregathered to be enlightened upon matters of dividends, or the lack of them, as it might happen.
About it and around, were hung the portraits in oils of certain worthy corpulent gentlemen, each looking as though he might have been a fortune in his day; either for himself or other people. Each appeared to favour a growth of mulish-chock whiskers and a uniform of black frock-coat, white waistcoat of great expense, and dangle pince-nez. Their self-satisfied and complacent expressions suggested that the fortunes had been amassed for their worthy selves; and at that by a rigid adherence to copybook maxim methods. Indeed, a collection plate in the hand was all that seemed lacking. As Art they were not decorative. It was altogether a very impressive apartment that these worthies beamed down upon, but as they were half-obscured by extremely gentlemanly clerk, Mr. Courtenay became softly conscious of another atmosphere; and a much more familiar one. An atmosphere from which the City was far, very far, removed.
Seated about in characteristic attitudes of keen alertness to tense, preoccupied anxiety were half-a-dozen men that could be picked with certitude out of a thousand for just what they were—ex-officers of every arm of the military service.
It became instantly evident to Mr. Patrick Courtenay that not only was he in plenty of time for his appointment, but also that he was by no means the only pebble upon "X. Y. Z.'s" mysterious, and possibly rock-strewn, beach.
A light rattle of that was running round as he advanced into the room—chat of other days—other places. St. Eliot, the Member for Bournemouth, from Wood and other beauty-spots of the old salient; a breath of which Patrick caught, then it died suddenly as they looked at him.
"Good morning," were exchanged almost nervously—certainly distrustfully; then a faultlessly-groomed young gentleman, of prodigious length of limb who had been lounging in a chair obviously disengaged from the duties of the day, signed for a Director, rose leisurely and scrutinised him. He was grotesquely ugly, with a neck like a young bull, and a monocle decorated one of a pair of humorous eyes.
"Hello, old thing!" he exclaimed, extending a lemon-gloved hand, which had felled an ox. "Fancy meeting you here! It is Paddy Courtenay, isn't it?"
Mr. Courtenay taking the proffered fist with great cordiality admitted his identity. The profound ugliness of his accoster was beginning to jog his memory. There couldn't have been two in the hallowed R.F.A. like that.
"Aren't you Blakeley?" he asked. "The Honourable Captain Blakeley?"
"That's me," responded the ugly one. "Blakeley—Bill Blakeley. Blow the Honourable in this company. Fed with your day—Fostered. I was out hunting for a cane, or a field kitchen, or some bally thing we'd mislaid. Collar a pew," he advised, pointing to another luxurious and unoccupied divan chair; then drew a monogrammed cigarette-case from his pocket. "Have a fag?" he invited hospitably. "The one I smoke, I say we couldn't, so we'll take a chance."
Mr. Courtenay "collared" the "pew" indicated, also the proffered cigarette, and lit up. Personally he was beginning to feel a trifle nervy and a cigarette was just about the medicine he required.
"I'm taking it like the rest of us—an 'X. Y. Z.'—er!" continued Mr. Blakeley. "Well, you're in rather good company. He waved an introductory hand embracing the hard-bitten looking group. "Here's Major Galbraith here, a D.R.O. Bob Rattray, D.S.O., M.C. Jimmy Carrington," indicating an extremely youthful-looking gentleman with a neat crease of sticking plaster adorning one eye. "Now, he's the star. He's a V.C. These other two gentlemen I've only met this morning, but I daresay they've got some pretty pretties in that line about. Let's see, you're in our Army Reserve Department, aren't you? D.R.O., D.R.O., and M.C."
Mr. Patrick modestly explained that by some mistake he had received these honours. The whole affair, however, was a complete misconception on the part of some one.
"He's a V.C. himself," growled Mr. Carrington. "Trones Wood and serve him dam'd well right."
"Shut up," hissed the gentleman referred to; "you'll lose me the blinkin' job."
The Major hem'd, and turned to Mr. Courtenay.
"Soundly rather as if it might be something—er—decent; something possible?" he ventured. There was a note of anxiety in his voice not to be missed.
Mr. Courtenay glanced at him quickly with a touch of misgiving.
"Well, there we all are if it is. The flower of the nation. I only hope there's jobs enough to go round."
"We're all bally well sick of doing nothing," announced the Hon. Mr. Blakeley. "The ad. certainly sounded like a sporting 'possible.'"
"And I don't suppose we'll stop at much, any of us as long as it's honest!" observed Mr. Courtenay.
Honourable Major Galbraith, D.R.O., staring straight at him with a defiant twist of his mouth. "What the devil's that? I'd go from here to Hell and cut every throat on the road for twenty a week or less. I've got a wife; and two kids at school."
Seated at the gentlemen shook their heads and were understood to remark that it was a bit of a twister generally.
"Only thing I'm doubtful about is whether we're respectable enough," said Mr. Blakeley ruminatively. "Got to be a sort of Count d'Orsay for this job."
"I'm going to hurl in his teeth the minute I see him," said Mr. Patrick.
"Stout feller," remarked Mr. Blakeley encouragingly.
"That is," added Patrick, "if ever I do see him after you chaps have fired your volleys into him."

"Perhaps 'X. Y. Z.' is a woman!" hazarded the Major suddenly.
This startling suggestion received due consideration. There was certainly no reason why the advertiser shouldn't be of either sex.
"In which case," decided the Honourable Mr. Blakeley with finality, "it's all up with me. I'm too blinkin' beautiful."
"I wonder," mused Mr. Carrington, V.C., "what the order'll be? Rotation—first come first served?"
"I'm mean enough to hope so, boys," said the Major, "for I'm first. I'll get mine over quick. I've two others to be chasing after if this is a washout."
This important point was quickly decided by the sudden reappearance of the polite officer-wallah, as Mr. Blakeley designated him. He made the paralytic request that Mr. Patrick Courtenay would up and follow him forthwith.
Mr. Patrick rose suddenly enough, but faced him with considerable astonishment. "You're quite sure it's Mr. Courtenay that's wanted?" he gasped. "The gentlemen were all here miles before me."
The messenger was quite sure: his instructions were very explicit.
"Mr. Hammerden will see Mr. Courtenay at once," he repeated firmly.
Mr. Courtenay shrugged his shoulders and looked around at the group worriedly. "It doesn't seem quite fair," he began. "My dear old haricot," broke in Mr. Blakeley, "do not emit such bally tosh! In you go; and let him have grandmama stoutly, first pop off."
"Best of luck," growled the Major. "It isn't your fault if the man conducts his business against all regulations."
"I'll see you later," whispered Mr. Courtenay; "whatever comes of it. Think out some place where we can have one—for old time's sake."
"Right ho!" accepted Mr. Blakeley for the squad.
In an inner office, at a plain roll top desk, Courtenay found the great man busily writing at something. He glanced up, grunted a welcome, nodded towards a chair fairly adjacent, and went on with his writing. Mr. Patrick took the opportunity to covertly study his man.
He was a big fellow, this John Hammerden, of not a year more than fifty in years; a powerful-looking man in every way. A clean-cut powerful-looking face, with a jaw and mouth of tremendous determination. Written all over him, from his massive head with its thick crop of hair slightly tinged with grey, to the giant shoulders that supported it, were brains, energy and strength—strength, physically and mentally.
Mr. Courtenay came to the rapid conclusion that Mr. John Hammerden was a man to be obeyed by those who served him; and obeyed quickly. Here was no man to dally with fools. From the crown of his head to the soles of his neat shoes he exuded dominance—power. He impressed as a man with the faculty of instant decisive action. He was clean and keen; and he might have been pleased to know, Mr. Courtenay liked the looks of him. He also mentally framed the hope that the great financier would form some such reciprocal opinion concerning his suppliant self.
Over a mantel hung a picture—an enlargement of an old photograph obviously taken by some itinerant artist—that arrested his wandering and appraising eye. It had been taken, to judge by the background of pines and wild canyons in the Western States of America, or perhaps Alaska in the summer, and showed the little poppet-head of a mining claim; a claim that was being delved down by the unremitting toil of the hands of men; and standing by it in clay-like singlet from the waist up, was John Hammerden. A heavy mining pick was in his hand, and the great muscles of the man's neck and arms bulged like knots in the blazing sun-

light; while the face, though under the shadow of an old and battered Stetson, showed the same grim and inflexible purpose that it carried to-day.
That picture—it could not have been taken more than ten or fifteen years, so Patrick adjudged—gave the true insight into the man Hammerden—the man whose strength lay in the fact that nothing human could, or would, turn him from the prize he sought; the goal he coveted. To Mr. Courtenay it was an illuminating exposition.
He turned from it with a sudden intuition that he was being watched; to discover that Mr. Hammerden had turned silently in his chair and was scrutinising him intently. For the first time Mr. Patrick came under the influence of those steady steel grey eyes and realised their power. Searching, compelling eyes, that seemed to probe right through what they looked at; ruthless when stared straight back into, unflinchingly as Paddy Courtenay was staring into them now.
Mr. Hammerden gave a curt nod, as though the scrutiny had satisfied him upon some point he had been inwardly debating. "Well, Mr. Courtenay," he asked abruptly, "you think you have the qualifications an advertisement calls for?"
"His advertisement," thought Paddy; "then he was the mysterious 'X. Y. Z.'—Mr. Hammerden himself."
"Yes," he answered with tremendous decision, and an almost nonchalant composure which he did not altogether feel. "Yes, sir, I do."
Mr. Hammerden nodded. He took from his bureau a long envelope, and passed it to Mr. Courtenay.
"Your papers, he said briefly. "According to them you should be. You've a fine record, Mr. Courtenay. About the social side."
"I can go anywhere," returned Patrick with a touch of stiffness, "that any other gentleman can go, and I have many friends of—of—social importance."
Again Mr. Hammerden nodded. "Quite so," he said. "And I take it that you're open to do anything, to accept instructions as orders to be obeyed as unquestionably as those of your superior officers out there?" He nodded towards the envelope in his listener's hand, and eyed him keenly.
"Mr. Courtenay returned his look with one of equal squareness.
"I am open to do anything honest," he replied quietly; "and glad of the work. Anything that a gentleman may do, I will. Nothing more or less."
(To be continued.)

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"BOHEMIAN" REVELS IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

LIVELY STORIES IN CROSS SUITS BY HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Glimpses of gay life in a Baywater boarding-house, where it was stated, the guests were in the habit of "ragging" and kissing, and where the room occupied by one of them was so often visited by the other guests that it became known as "The Dewdrop Inn," were afforded by the evidence in a divorce case heard by Justice Hill.

Mrs. Olive May Dodgson, who now lives at Kildare-gardens, Baywater, is petitioner for a divorce from her husband, Eric Colville Dodgson, an insurance inspector, on the grounds of his alleged cruelty and misconduct with Miss Ethel Mary Lovegrove, a woman of independent means.

Mr. Dodgson is cross-petitioning for a divorce from his wife on the ground of alleged misconduct with Mr. Wallace Kye Henney, a postal official.

After a hearing lasting three days the case has been adjourned until Tuesday next.

CHILD TAKEN AWAY.
Opening the case for the wife, Mr. Bayford, K.C., said the parties met in India in 1913, the wife being a nurse and the husband an Army officer. There was misconduct, and they were married at Bombay in January, 1913. A child was born in the following April. It was agreed that the child should be adopted, and the mother had not seen it since.

Husband and wife returned to England, and a second child was born at Richmond in August, 1920.

The husband, said counsel, seemed to regard this child as a nuisance, and sent the mother and baby to Dover. It is intimated that Mr. Dodgson went to live at a boarding-house in Baywater, where they made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Henney and Miss Lovegrove. On Jan. 21, 1921, continued Mr. Bayford, Miss Lovegrove complained of a pain. Mr. Dodgson went with her to her room. A few minutes later Mrs. Dodgson found the two together, Miss Lovegrove being in her nightdress.

The same evening all the parties went to a theatre and to supper. Mr. Dodgson and Miss Lovegrove slipped away together, and when Mrs. Dodgson arrived home she found her husband again in Miss Lovegrove's room.

Next night there was another theatre and supper party. On returning they all went to the Henneys' room, where Mrs. Dodgson fell asleep. On awakening she found that all the others had gone, leaving her alone with Mr. Henney.

SURPRISE FOR THE WIFE.
In the following May all the parties moved to a boarding-house in Inverness-terrace, Baywater, and here, so it was alleged, Mr. Dodgson and Miss Lovegrove were found in bed together. In November, although living in the same house, Mr. Dodgson sent his wife a registered letter, in which he said:

"Dear May, I have to-day sent a letter to Wallace (the co-respondent). I am asking you to cease meeting, corresponding with, or otherwise associating with him. This came as a great surprise to Mrs. Dodgson, said Mr. Bayford, as her husband had agreed to her associating with Mr. Henney.

To Mr. Henney Mr. Dodgson wrote:

"I must now ask you to cease meeting or corresponding with my wife. If you do not accede to this request I can only conclude that you are trying to alienate my wife's affection."

Things became intolerable, said Mr. Bayford, and at last the wife left Mr. Dodgson and went to live with her parents.

White at her home she gave birth to a 10-months baby, and her husband alleged that Mr. Henney was the father.

TUBE MEETINGS.
Mrs. Dodgson, who said she was now 25, gave evidence, and was asked by Mr. Bayford: Have you ever been anywhere with Mr. Henney, where you could commit misconduct since you left your husband? No.

Mr. Rasthorne, K.C., (for the husband), cross-examination: I suggest there was no cohabitation between you and your husband after March, 1921. Not until January, 1922.

Mrs. Dodgson said that Mr. Henney was employed in the General Post Office. In August, 1921, she had a season ticket between Queens' rd. and Post Office tube stations. Three or four times a week she would accompany Mr. Henney to and from the City. They would join each other at the station.

In the course of further cross-examination, Mrs. Dodgson was asked: Was not there a good deal of "ragging" between you all at the boarding-house?

Mr. Henney kissed you in front of your husband's band? Yes, and in the presence of his wife.

Did not your husband kiss Mrs. M. Lovegrove in front of you? Yes.

And also Mr. Henney? No. Mrs. Dodgson said that she was about with Miss Lovegrove and called her "Loves" after the alleged acts of misconduct for the sake of appearances.

Mr. Henney denied misconduct with Mrs. Dodgson, but admitted that herself had "corresponded, she signing herself 'May' or 'Columbine'."

Medical evidence was given that it was quite possible for Mrs. Dodgson's child, born on Nov. 21, last, to be Mr. Dodgson's, although born 307 days after the last cohabitation.

Mr. Dodgson, in the course of his evidence, said he had been invalidated from France with shell shock. The noise of the second baby upset him, but it was untrue that he practically turned his wife out and sent her to Dover.

Referring to the allegations against himself and Miss Lovegrove, he said that only "open" love passages had occurred between them. He was 29 and Miss Lovegrove was over 40.

Mr. Dodgson said he had spoken to his wife several times about her association with Mr. Henney, and told her that he did not mind her seeing Mr. Henney so long as he (the husband) knew of the occasions.

Afterwards he had his wife watched, and, finally, in November, 1921, as she persisted in meeting Mr. Henney without his knowledge, he told her he must think of a separation.

His wife replied: "Why don't you get a divorce? It's easier." Miss Lovegrove, denying misconduct on oath, said her private income was £400 a year. Her room at the boarding-house was at 10, Banchurst-terrace, W. There was absolutely no truth in the statement that she and Mr. Dodgson had been seen lying under the bedclothes together.

"GOOD-NIGHT KISSES."
The guests were in the habit of exchanging "good-night kisses"—they were all simply good friends. "We were all simply good friends," said Mr. Dodgson of the folly of meeting Mr. Henney and Mrs. Dodgson had replied that they were fond of one another.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodgson had entered her room when she was dressing, said Miss Lovegrove in cross-examination.

Mr. Bayford: You kissed Mr. Dodgson good-night even after a charge of misconduct had been made against you?—Yes, because there was no foundation for the charge.

His Lordship: Is it the usual thing in boarding-houses?—We were very good friends.

After further evidence the case was adjourned as stated above.

AFTER 20 YEARS.
How he came across his wife after a lapse of over 20 years was described by Henry Watts, an L. and S.W.R. guard, of Wakehurst-rd., Camberley, Surrey, London, when he was granted a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Louisa Priscilla Watts, and £50 agreed damages against co-respondent, Alec Robertson.

Mr. Watts said he was married in January, 1907, and there was one child, a boy, who was killed in the war. His wife left him in July, 1902.

He had previously noticed a distinct change in her affection seemed fast fading. On one occasion she showed him a photograph of a co-respondent, who was in business at Woking (Surrey), where they were then living.

The wife said the co-respondent was the brother of a friend of hers. Subsequently, added Mr. Watts, he discovered the man's name impressed on a blotting-pad.

When taxed with corresponding with the man the wife denied it. Later there came an anonymous letter, and witness sent his wife away to try and break off the intrigue.

She came back after a month, and then completely disappeared, leaving the child behind. Robertson denied all knowledge of her whereabouts.

He persisted in his inquiries, but was told that she had left London. He discovered that she was living with Robertson at Guildford.

RIVAL IN THE HOUSE.
A story of rough treatment at the hands of her husband and another woman whom he introduced into the home was unfolded by Mrs. Lily Westmore, of Upper Richmond-rd., who was granted a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. M. E. H. L. Loxton, in an undefended suit.

Mrs. Loxton said that after the marriage in 1912 she and her husband lived at Brighton. In August, 1921, when she returned from a visit to her mother, her husband introduced her to a woman whose acquaintance he had made during his travels. Despite Mrs. Loxton's protests, he brought the woman to the house to live.

In January last year witness found her husband and the woman together in a locked room. She made them open the door, and found that the woman was only partly dressed, while Mr. Loxton was fully dressed.

On several occasions when she had tried to turn the woman out, continued Mrs. Loxton, her husband and the woman had turned upon her and treated her brutally, once with a knife.

On one occasion when she had refused to allow him to go to her room, Mr. Loxton said that on Oct. 27, 1918, a Sunday, he went from hospital to his wife's room, and he was charged with her. He then learned for the first time that she had diptheria, and Mrs. Copas, her mother, refused to allow him to go to her room.

I said I would go up," said witness. "Mr. Loxton was in the front of me. She rushed into the bathroom and got a pole, and told me she would poke my eyes out."

Counsel: It is suggested that you attempted to drag your wife out of bed? I never even saw my wife on that occasion.

Do you remember a policeman coming? Yes. My mother-in-law told the policeman I had no right in the house and he was to put me out of it. I went down the street with him.

On Dec. 27, 1918, continued the husband, he went to the house again for his wife. Mrs. Copas told him he had no right there and slammed the door in his face. He kicked the door back, and the handle of the latch struck Mrs. Copas on the head, and she fell.

Witness went inside to pick her up, and as he attempted to do that she put her arms round his neck and

tried to strangle him, and the same time yelling "Murder!"

GAVE HER A SHAKING.
Counsel: Did you strike your mother-in-law with a hunting crop? No.

On another occasion, in November, 1919, when he was staying at his mother-in-law's, continued witness, he wanted to play the gramophone to the child after dinner. He was told he could not do so, as his father-in-law was asleep. He therefore took the gramophone up to his room and played.

When his wife came up he told her he was sick and tired of her father and mother. She replied that if he did not like it he must leave.

He suggested he said one or two angry things and his wife then struck him round the head with the back of her hand. He took hold of her and gave her a shaking.

The Judge: Did you have your revolver out that afternoon? No.

After this, said witness, Mrs. Copas gave him notice to go. In spite of this he went on in friendly terms with his wife, who wrote and signed a statement that there was no trouble between them, and that the only trouble was between him and her parents.

Mr. Duke, in cross-examination, questioned Mr. Loxton about his reasons for defending the wife. Witness: My main reason is to clear my name and get my wife and child out of the control of her father and mother.

He said that in consequence of a complaint Mrs. Copas made to his commanding officer, he was charged with conduct unbecoming to an officer, but the charge failed for want of proof.

WHY THE GOOD BOOK SAYS.
All the trouble had arisen through this unfortunate married couple living together with the woman's father and mother, observed the judge, in dismissing the petition.

If he might give the wife a piece of advice, it would be to do what they were told to do in a book that dealt with human life, and that was to leave her father and mother and cleave unto her husband.

And I hope," said the judge, "they will manage to be as happy as they ought to be. If it was not for the interference of this woman's parents there would have been a reconciliation between the parties in September, 1919."

He added that there was no cruelty afterwards.

(Mr. Justice Hordge's reference was to Genesis 2, 24, which says: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.")

THIRD PETITION.
Mention of nullity proceedings brought previously by both parties was made when Mrs. Keith Stuart Mackenzie, of Ashleigh-gardens, Westminster, obtained a decree nisi as the result of the misconduct and desertion of her husband, John, otherwise Ian. The petition was not defended.

Rankine said the marriage, which took place at Birkbeck in February, 1917, was unhappy from the beginning, and it was never properly consummated.

In 1920 her husband persuaded her to take nullity proceedings against him, but in June she filed a petition against him, and he was dismissed, and offered to take her husband back.

He refused and presented a nullity petition against her, which was also dismissed.

DIVORCE DECREE AFTER TWO NULLITY SUITS.
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THE MAN IN PYJAMAS.
The circumstances under which a wife wrote out a confession of guilt after having been surprised with a lover were described by Mr. John Charles Harrison, of The Triangle, Kensington, W. London, and formerly of New Barnet, in his proceedings for a divorce, in which he cited Edwin Harper Gaskin as co-respondent.

Mr. Harrison said his wife was a divorced woman when he married her in May, 1917. In 1920 she confessed to misconduct with another man and he forgave her.

Quarrels occurred through the wife staying out late, and in 1921, while he was away, he wrote threatening to leave her. After that they did not live together for a time. She was earning money herself.

In May, 1922, continued Mr. Harrison, he went to a flat in Egin-ave, Maids Vale, W., with his brother-in-law and found the wife there. They took her home, when she admitted she had been living with Gaskin.

He again forgave her, said Mr. Harrison, but after a few days she suddenly "went off again, sending a wire saying she was not coming back. Later he and his brother-in-law visited the Maids Vale flat.

Arriving about two in the morning a servant opened the door. Witness forced his way in and saw a man in pyjamas run downstairs. The wife admitted she was Gaskin and afterwards wrote the following confession:

"I have miscondacted myself with Mr. Gaskin and wish you to divorce me. I sign this of my own free will."

Mr. Poleman, the brother-in-law, was called and stated that in the course of conversation Mr. Gaskin admitted living with Mrs. Harrison, and that they were both prepared to take the consequences whatever they might be.

Justice Hordge granted a decree nisi and costs.

W. W. JACOB'S DAUGHTER.
A decree of nullity of marriage was granted to Mr. Alexander Raban Waugh, the novelist, of North End-rd., Hampstead, against his wife, Barbara Ann Jacob, who is a daughter of Mr. W. W. Jacob.

Mrs. Waugh, while denying the allegation of incapacity, did not defend the suit.

Mr. Waugh said the marriage took place on July 23, 1919, when he was 24 and his wife 19. They lived at 24, Ditchling, Sussex, and was described.

The marriage was never consummated.

Mr. Alec Waugh is the author of the "Lion of Youth," a study of school life which created some stir when it appeared in 1917; "The Prisoners of Mainz," being his own experiences as a prisoner of war; "The Unicorn," and a volume of poems.

WIFE ADVISED TO QUIT HER PARENTS' HOME.
The hearing of the suit disclosed a series of domestic squabbles in which the mother-in-law figured prominently.

The evidence showed that Mrs. O'Brien was living with her parents at Harting-rd., West Ealing, London, and the husband with his mother at Laurel-gardens, Hainwell.

Answering his counsel, Mr. Cotes Pready, Mr. O'Brien said he relinquished his commission to return from India to fight the case. He and his wife had first lived in rooms at Drayton Green-rd., West Ealing, but left there owing to trouble made by his mother-in-law.

They took a house at Canmore-avenue, Ealing, and the first years of their married life were happy. While he was with his regiment at Chatham in 1917 his wife shifted her rooms at Drayton Green-rd., West Ealing, but left there owing to trouble made by his mother-in-law.

Mr. Cotes Pready: Let me ask you now, are you prepared to take your wife and child back if she will only leave her mother? I am.

Giving his version of the incidents when cruelty to the wife was alleged, Mr. O'Brien said that on Oct. 27, 1918, a Sunday, he went from hospital to his wife's room, and he was charged with her. He then learned for the first time that she had diptheria, and Mrs. Copas, her mother, refused to allow him to go to her room.

I said I would go up," said witness. "Mr. Loxton was in the front of me. She rushed into the bathroom and got a pole, and told me she would poke my eyes out."

Counsel: It is suggested that you attempted to drag your wife out of bed? I never even saw my wife on that occasion.

Do you remember a policeman coming? Yes. My mother-in-law told the policeman I had no right in the house and he was to put me out of it. I went down the street with him.

On Dec. 27, 1918, continued the husband, he went to the house again for his wife. Mrs. Copas told him he had no right there and slammed the door in his face. He kicked the door back, and the handle of the latch struck Mrs. Copas on the head, and she fell.

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WIFE TOLD HIM CHILD WAS "HERS."
A decree nisi was granted to Lieutenant-Commander Lionel Frederick Robinson, R.N., formerly of the Dover Patrol, on the ground of the misconduct of his wife, Marjorie, daughter of Lady Tangye, with a man unknown.

In his evidence—which was read—Lieutenant-Commander Robinson said the marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in December, 1915, and he and his wife afterwards lived at St. George's-square, London.

In June, 1918, his wife, who had previously been a nurse at her mother's hospital at Paris Plage, France, returned to the hospital, and until January, 1919, he saw her only at intervals.

During this time differences arose between them over the expensive life she was living, and also as to the company she appeared to be keeping, he thinking she ought to live at Dover and not return to France.

In January, 1919, he wrote expressing the view that his wife should live with him wherever he was stationed, and she replied that she did not intend to carry out his wishes.

In February, 1919, he was appointed to the Australian Navy, and served in Australia until 1922, and except for lunching with his wife in February, 1919, he did not see her after Jan. 14, 1919, until he arrived home from Australia in June, 1922.

She met him on his arrival at Liverpool, and accompanied him to London, where they lived at Upper Berkeley-st. until June 22, when they moved to 13, Great Portland-st.

On their way to the sitting-room they met Lady Tangye with a small child. They entered the room together, but Lady Tangye went out, leaving him and his wife with the child.

"I asked her whose child it was," said Lieutenant-Commander Robinson, "and she replied that it was her own, and had never been heard of since."

"I asked her how old he was, and she replied that he was born in January, 1919."

"Then I asked her who the father was," he replied, "an Australian soldier, but she would not tell me his name."

Lieutenant-Commander Robinson added that he had no previous knowledge or suspicion that there was any such child, and had never been asked to ascertain the name of the father.

DIVORCE JUDGE QUOTES GENESIS; "CLEAVE TO YOUR HUSBAND."
Dismissing the petition for a judicial separation brought by Mrs. Olive Josephine Clara O'Brien against her husband, Maurice Martin O'Brien, formerly an officer in the Indian Army, Justice Hordge quoted Genesis and advised the wife to leave her parents and "cleave to her husband."

The hearing of the suit disclosed a series of domestic squabbles in which the mother-in-law figured prominently.

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WOUND BANDAGES, highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; 2/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6, 20/6, 22/6, 24/6, 26/6, 28/6, 30/6, 32/6, 34/6, 36/6, 38/6, 40/6, 42/6, 44/6, 46/6, 48/6, 50/6, 52/6, 54/6, 56/6, 58/6, 60/6, 62/6, 64/6, 66/6, 68/6, 70/6, 72/6, 74/6, 76/6, 78/6, 80/6, 82/6, 84/6, 86/6, 88/6, 90/6, 92/6, 94/6, 96/6, 98/6, 100/6, 102/6, 104/6, 106/6, 108/6, 110/6, 112/6, 114/6, 116/6, 118/6, 120/6, 122/6, 124/6, 126/6, 128/6, 130/6, 132/6, 134/6, 136/6, 138/6, 140/6, 142/6, 144/6, 146/6, 148/6, 150/6, 152/6, 154/6, 156/6, 158/6, 160/6, 162/6, 164/6, 166/6, 168/6, 170/6, 172/6, 174/6, 176/6, 178/6, 180/6, 182/6, 184/6, 186/6, 188/6, 190/6, 192/6, 194/6, 196/6, 198/6, 200/6, 202/6, 204/6, 206/6, 208/6, 210/6, 212/6, 214/6, 216/6, 218/6, 220/6, 222/6, 224/6, 226/6, 228/6, 230/6, 232/6, 234/6, 236/6, 238/6, 240/6, 242/6, 244/6, 246/6, 248/6, 250/6, 252/6, 254/6, 256/6, 258/6, 260/6, 262/6, 264/6, 266/6, 268/6, 270/6, 272/6, 274/6, 276/6, 278/6, 280/6, 282/6, 284/6, 286/6, 288/6, 290/6, 292/6, 294/6, 296/6, 298/6, 300/6, 302/6, 304/6, 306/6, 308/6, 310/6, 312/6, 314/6, 316/6, 318/6, 320/6, 322/6, 324/6, 326/6, 328/6, 330/6, 332/6, 334/6, 336/6, 338/6, 340/6, 342/6, 344/6, 346/6, 348/6, 350/6, 352/6, 354/6, 356/6, 358/6, 360/6, 362/6, 364/6, 366/6, 368/6, 370/6, 372/6, 374/6, 376/6, 378/6, 380/6, 382/6, 384/6, 386/6, 388/6, 390/6, 392/6, 394/6, 396/6, 398/6, 400/6, 402/6, 404/6, 406/6, 408/6, 410/6, 412/6, 414/6, 416/6, 418/6, 420/6, 422/6, 424/6, 426/6, 428/6, 430/6, 432/6, 434/6, 436/6, 438/6, 440/6, 442/6, 444/6, 446/6, 448/6, 450/6, 452/6, 454/6, 456/6, 458/6, 460/6, 462/6, 464/6, 466/6, 468/6, 470/6, 472/6, 474/6, 476/6, 478/6, 480/6, 482/6, 484/6, 486/6, 488/6, 490/6, 492/6, 494/6, 496/6, 498/6, 500/6, 502/6, 504/6, 506/6, 508/6, 510/6, 512/6, 514/6, 516/6, 518/6, 520/6, 522/6, 524/6, 526/6, 528/6, 530/6, 532/6, 534/6, 536/6, 538/6, 540/6, 542/6, 544/6, 546/6, 548/6, 550/6, 552/6, 554/6, 556/6, 558/6, 560/6, 562/6, 564/6, 566/6, 568/6, 570/6, 572/6, 574/6, 576/6, 578/6, 580/6, 582/6, 584/6, 586/6, 588/6, 590/6, 592/6, 594/6, 596/6, 598/6, 600/6, 602/6, 604/6, 606/6, 608/6, 610/6, 612/6, 614/6, 616/6, 618/6, 620/6, 622/6, 624/6, 626/6, 628/6, 630/6, 632/6, 634/6, 636/6, 638/6, 640/6, 642/6, 644/6, 646/6, 648/6, 650/6, 652/6, 654/6, 656/6, 658/6, 660/6, 662/6, 664/6, 666/6, 668/6, 670/6, 672/6, 674/6, 676/6, 678/6, 680/6, 682/6, 684/6, 686/6, 688/6, 690/6, 692/6, 694/6, 696/6, 698/6, 700/6, 702/6, 704/6, 706/6, 708/6, 710/6, 712/6, 714/6, 716/6, 718/6, 720/6, 722/6, 724/6, 726/6, 728/6, 730/6, 732/6, 734/6, 736/6, 738/6, 740/6, 742/6, 744/6, 746/6, 748/6, 750/6, 752/6, 754/6, 756/6, 758/6, 760/6, 762/6, 764/6, 766/6, 768/6, 770/6, 772/6, 774/6, 776/6, 778/6, 780/6, 782/6, 784/6, 786/6, 788/6, 790/6, 792/6, 794/6, 796/6, 798/6, 800/6, 802/6, 804/6, 806/6, 808/6, 810/6, 812/6, 814/6, 816/6, 818/6, 820/6, 822/6, 824/6, 826/6, 828/6, 830/6, 832/6, 834/6, 836/6, 838/6, 840/6, 842/6, 844/6, 846/6, 848/6, 850/6, 852/6, 854/6, 856/6, 858/6, 860/6, 862/6, 864/6, 866/6, 868/6, 870/6, 872/6, 874/6, 876/6, 878/6, 880/6, 882/6, 884/6, 886/6, 888/6, 890/6, 892/6, 894/6, 896/6, 898/6, 900/6, 902/6, 904/6, 906/6, 908/6, 910/6, 912/6, 914/6, 916/6, 918/6, 920/6, 922/6, 924/6, 926/6, 928/6, 930/6, 932/6, 934/6, 936/6, 938/6, 940/6, 942/6, 944/6, 946/6, 948/6, 950/6, 952/6, 954/6, 956/6, 958/6, 960/6, 962/6, 964/6, 966/6, 968/6, 970/6, 972/6, 974/6, 976/6, 978/6, 980/6, 982/6, 984/6, 986/6, 988/6, 990/6, 992/6, 994/6, 996/6, 998/6, 1000/6, 1002/6, 1004/6, 1006/6, 1008/6, 1010/6, 1012/6, 1014/6, 1016/6, 1018/6, 1020/6, 1022/6, 1024/6, 1026/6, 1028/6, 1030/6, 1032/6, 1034/6, 1036/6, 1038/6, 1040/6, 1042/6, 1044/6, 1046/6, 1048/6, 1050/6, 1052/6, 1054/6, 1056/6, 1058/6, 1060/6, 1062/6, 1064/6, 1066/6, 1068/6, 1070/6, 1072/6, 1074/6, 1076/6, 1078/6, 1080/6, 1082/6, 1084/6, 1086/6, 1088/6, 1090/6, 1092/6, 1094/6, 1096/6, 1098/6, 1100/6, 1102/6, 1104/6, 1

RUGBY INTERNATIONAL A

CARDIFF.

was the 34th of the series. Wales, who had previously won 18, Scotland 15, the other 11, being drawn. Scotland won in 1921 and 1922, and drew last year, and thus they defeated France at Inverness, 10 points to 3, while Wales had lost to Ireland, at Twickenham, by 7 points to 3.

Wales had intended to play ex parte, on the side that lost to England yesterday, but, as it was, the full-back, found himself compelled to cry off, and so made room for B. O. Jones, Pentyrch, and Griffiths, who were both new to an engagement, with the Cardiff Rugby Union club rendering himself ineligible for the Union match. Llew Jenkins, who had won, completed the home pack. The result was a 10-3 victory for Wales, the Cardiff team victorious over France, A. B. Jones, Glasgow Academicals, who figured in the Scotland's International contests in 1921, taking the place of A. C. Jones, who was the last right-wing three-quarter to score:—

WALLES.—B. O. Malle (Pentyrch), T. Jones (Cardiff), R. A. Cornish (Cardiff), A. B. Jones (Glanelli), R. H. Harding (Swansea), J. H. Baker (Heath), S. Morris (Cross Keys), J. Davies (Cardiff), G. Michael (Swansea), Thomas (Glanelli), T. Fowler (Swansea).

SCOTLAND.—D. Drysdale (Heriot), J. H. Baker (Heath), S. Morris (Cross Keys), J. Davies (Cardiff), G. Michael (Swansea), Thomas (Glanelli), T. Fowler (Swansea).

H. Liddell (Edinburgh University), A. 1 (1972)
(Harlequins) (capt.), R. McLaren (R. 1972)

[illegible]

ing with cases of fainting and crying of the crowd in certain

McLaren kicked off for Scotland and Lizzie, which had died down. The ball was in the Scottish twenty and was returned with a grapple, and then Scotland passing, but it broke down. John McLaren saved a Scottish run and found time to kick directly afterwards Scotland were not in the field with a fine lining finding the field with a fine kick.

Wales were soon attacking again and the English broke through, and then John McLaren and Hoddie on left were not in the field. After five minutes Albert Jenkins scored a penalty goal.

This occurred after Drysdale had been sent off for own line, Scotland being sent off for offence.

There were some attacking again but the English intercepted a pass smartly and with a fine

as punt gained ground in the Welsh twenty.
y. There the Scotland backs tried passing a

The Scottish forwards were played coming through often with good results at last meeting, the presence of Johnson making a fine kick to win the winning line and Clem Lewis finding

near the Scottish line. Of the two sides, the British looked the more convincing. Their to-

ing was better and their forward
smarter. Gracie relieved the pressure
by interception and a run, but Wales
again had Scotland had to back hard
their line. A series of scrums took place
line, but Scotland held out till half time
the score was -

WALES
SCOTLAND

In the second half Clem Lewis scored
for Wales, Jenkins converting, while
dell then Stuart scored tries for Scotland
as neither of these was converted.

Then, however, Gracie scored and

the visitors, Browning concerning
 result was:—
SCOTLAND
WALES
SCOTTISH CUP DRAW.
HIBERNIANS TO ENTERTAIN QUEEN
PARK.

The Scottish F.A. Council have made the following draw for the third round of the ...

Cup:—
 Peterhead v. Aberdeen, Dunfermline v. 10.
 Rangers, Celtic v. East Fife, Third Lanark v. 10.
 Ayr United, Motherwell v. Falkirk, 10.
 Hamilton Academicals, Bo'ness v. 10.
 Wanderers, Hibernians v. Queen's Park, 10.
 The games will be played on Saturday, 10.
 10.
 The replayed ties in the second round will be as follows:—

4. THIRD LANARK ... 2 VALS OF 1800
MIDWINTER ... 3 PEEDLES 1800

WEDNESDAY.	
ABERDEEN	2 AIRDRIE
BATHGATE	0 QUEEN'S PAPER
ST. HELENA'S	1 KILMARNOCK
EAST FIFE	
OTHER MATCHES.	
SCOTTISH LEAGUE	
CELTIC	0 HIBERNIAN
HAMILTON A.	1 FALMER
ROCHAMORE	2 DUNDEE
ATH. C.	0 DUNDEE
SUGGY UNION.	
7 1/2	
UNITED HOSPITALS	THE ARMY

CAMBRIDGE U.	13	BRISTOL
OXFORD U.	31	COVENTRY

Horleyland Hurdle. MYTHICAL
follow for the Wickham Hurdle.
what we saw at Kempton

TURKEY SUZZARD
in the Brook Stables race represent
thing of the week. Those who w

HEROD PHILLIP for the Maiden H

ing the absence of Camaralzaman, who
after winning at Gadsdown, the Coult-
may sell SIGNET. But I shall edit
bet goes on

MY RATH**

in the Surrey Steeplechase, a race
apparently bee; waiting for. BETA
for the Moderate Steeple

At Lingfield on Friday **TUBBINS** on his best form has a decided

Marsh Green Steeplechase. The time
Hurdle will be a great race if we
port and King Pippin in opposition
tion any others. I may be prejudiced
shall declare for

GROOSPORT.

Another change should be given with
in the Surry Steeplechase, and MARK
my score again in the February H.

Printed and Published by CHARLES ANTON

well the
the

"The People" (Ld.) at the
Milford-lane, Strand, W.C.B. in the
St. Clement Dance, in the County of

February 4, 1921.